

THE CELESTIAL PVBLCAN.

A Sacred Poem:

Liuely describing the Birth,
Progresse, Bloudy Passion, and
glorious Resurrection of our
SAVIOVR.

THE SPIRITVALL SEA-FIGHT.

The Mischieuous Decentes of
The WORLD, The FLESH,
The Vicious Courtier.

The IESVITE.

The DIVELL.

Seauen severall Poems, with sundry
Epitaphs and Anagrams.

By Nathanael Richards Gent.

CÆLVM CVPIO.

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THE AVTHOR.

N o man so high, but er'e he die may fall,
A ll Flesh is fraile, all subiect vnto thrall;
T her's no content on Earth, none certaine bred
H ealthfull; to day we liue, to morrow dead.
A rt, nor Promotion, mends not each mans state,
N or are the Greatest Men most Fortunate.
A duancement's but a 'moake, Delight a Toy,
E ach gl'ring Pompe, each Soule seducing loy,
L ike Hell-bred Poysons worke the Soules annoy.

R eiect all lewd, vile, vaine affecting pleasure,
I ntend thy future good Celestiuall Treasure,
C ontest with Sinne; Heau'ns holy Armour weare,
H e that will conquer, he must Patience beare,
A t such rare Combats; Sacred aide is sent
R especting Man, all danger to preuent,
D eare is the Loue of God, in him delight,
S eeke Heau'ny loyes, those comforts infinite.



TO
THE HEAVENLY
LOVER OF DIVINE
POEMS.

(Mindes be,
Good Bookes, Good Minds best please, where bad
Desert shall still be raild at, Vice passe free,
Enuie, Debate, Pride, Flatterie, and a whore;
The Vicious minded Foole, mindes nothing more.
Harlots, for hot sinne-offerings shall finde
Fauour, and Friends, to them the World is kinde,
But when the wealth of *Soules*, in *Vertues Line*
Leuells Man's crooked *Thoughts*, to thoughts *Diuine*.
'Tis sleighted then; Most *worldlings*, like false Friends
Loue not for *Vertue*, but their owne base Ends.
Times Lordly Churle, deepe read, in Errors Schoole,
Esteemes Plaine-Dealing, but a *Virtuous* Foole:
Therefore to thee, whose Sacred Soule desires
Celestiall Solace, *Heauenly* Holy fires.
To thy Religious thoughts, apt to preuent,
And fly from Sinne; to thee I this present.



To the Reader.

Here's no *Luxurious Verse* to please the Eares
Of Whorish Mindes (strangerto blessed Teares.)
No Court-Confounding Complement, nor stile
Offeigned Poësie, nor base Flatties Guile:
Soule-suffering Griefe for sinne, I here expresse;
Wishing to All, Immortall happinesse.

True Penitence gaines Heau'n; throwes Sinners downe
To raise them vp to an *Immortall Crowne*.

Devoted to Your Vertues,

NATHANAEL RICHARDS.

* * *



THE CELESTIALl PVBlicAN.

I That haue imperfections on my head,
Past Starres in number, or those sands that spread
The vast Seas bottome; shall not I confesse,
How oft 'gainst God, I desp'rately transgresse,
Put off Repentance still from day to day,
Abuse his Mighty Patience, still delay
His dread Command; And like a senselesse Sor,
Vnmindefull of his Mercies, minde them not:
No sooner doe I finde a good thought take me,
But from that Vertue, Flesh and Blood doe shake me;
The longer life, the more I sinne, and fall
From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all.

B

Let





The Celestiall Publican.

Let others boast their goodnesse, for my part,
Wretch that I am, I haue a sinnefull Heart.
So tyde and bound, fetter'd and chain'd within
So strong a Prison; such a Maze of sinne,
That 'tis as farre vnlikely for me worne
E're to winde out, as for to raise a Storme,
Or slacke a Tempest; Workes of Wonder stand,
Farre from the Reach of Mortals weake command,
None but the Hand of God; his speciall Grace,
Can pull me forth the Dungeon of disgrace.
'Tis God that frees poore Man from all the Vices
Of this Worlds wicked villanous Entices.
And shall I then, in impious wayes vneuen
Offend so good a God; Defend me Heauen.

My





The Celestiall Publican.

My trembling Conscience tels me, I haue beene
A very fearefull Sinner, Slaue to sinne;
Of all Men, most vnworthy of Saluation ;
My finnes deserue Heauens wrath, Hell & damnation,
Yet Mercy, Mercy Lord, Mercy I craue,
Shield my sad soule from th' infernall Graue.

- * Strangle my growing finnes in their beginning,
- * Demollish Lord in me Custome in sinning.
- * For that is such a kinde of desp'rate thing
- * Men dreame not on; O 'tis a damned sting!
- * And thus it creepes on vs; thoughts that are bent
- * To Euill, get Delight, Delight Consent,
- * Consent drawes Action, Action Custome breeds,

My * And as the Sick Man, (whom his owne death feedes) *Simile.*
B 2 * Custome





The Celestiall Publican.

* Custome at large, takes sense of sinne away,
* Sends soules to Hell, when 'tis too late to pray,
The Doome supernall neuer findes returne,
To call thee backe to Grace ; thinke on't, or burne.
Thinke Heau'ns sweete, siluer, Saints-Bell, toles all in,
To fright thee eu'ry Morne from vggly sinne.
Let Mercy, eu'ry Euening (which do's keepe
Thee from Day-dangers, Death resembling sleepe)
Be to thy soule a Prayer Booke , t' imprint
Teares in thine Eyes ; Griefe in thy Heart of flint.
Be it so, heauenly Father, vnto me,
To me, and eu'ry one ; Make vs to see
And shunne Sinnes Custome ; with thy sacred wings
Guard vs from Danger, Blessed King of Kings,
Thou





The Celestiall Publican.

Thou that at Home, abroad, at Sea, on land,
Here, there, and eu'ry where, didst euer stand,
My sure Protector, 'gainst griefes infinite,
Danger, the lawes of Famine, Worlds despight,
Sicknesse, sad discontent, when I and Care,
Shooke hands with sorrowes Minion deepe despaire,
At that most wretched Time (my thoughts lockt vp
Beyond all hope of helpe;) then Mercies Cup
I freely tasted; blessed be thy Name
To me (my Gracious God,) proue still the same.
In my Extreames of griefe, I call'd on thee,
Mercifull God, and thou didst set me free,
Thou wert my onely Comfort in distresse,
Food, Rayment, all my Cure in heauinesse,





The Celestiall Publican.

My true Phytitian in vnruely madnesse,
Celestiall Musicke, in my saddest sadnesse,
Though all the World forsake me, God is kinde,
He solace giues to my disconsolate minde,
O be the same for euer, may no ill
Seduce my soule to disobay thy will.

While others carelesse of their Soules true health
Greedie (like Hell) hunger for worldly wealth,
Preferment, Pride, th' insatiate Diuell, Lust,
Luxurious Fare, and vainely put their trust
In glasse Glory, couzening State behauiour,
In valour Conquest, and Monarchall fauour,
While Soules thus erre, O thou the Lord of light,
Make me Heauen's Champion, Vertues Fauourite.
* Field





The Celestiall Publican.

- * Field Honor's but a Vapour, the sound breſt
- * Puts on Church Armour, Faith, and ſleights the reſt.
- * In loue to Vertue, and true godly feare,
- * Dwells Honour, not in Darts, Bow, Sling or Speare,
- * Not in vaine Beautie, Strength, the Pride of Wit,
- * Preſuming Riches, Learning, Valour, Credit,
- * High Birth, Nobilitie, nor Grauitie,
- * Humanitie, nor yet Virginitie;
- * But in the Humble Soule, whom holy Storie
- * Speakes, to maintaine God, and the Gospels Glorie,
- * The King, and Kingdomes ſafety, Churches Peace,
- * The Virgins Right, Widdowes, and Fatherleſſe:
- * Theſe are the Noble ſteps which euer waite
- * On Vertues Court, 'tis the true way of State



The Celestiall Publican.

* That neuer failes (as sacred Scripture saith)

* The humble, meeke, Religious Knights of Faith.

O Heau'nly Father, giue me Grace to fly

Delight in sinne, or suffer me to dye:

* Pleasures are poysons to this Soule of mine,

* There's no true Ioy on earth; but what's diuine.

Lord, teach me for to prize this world at naught,

Vpon thy Blessednesse be all my thought.

* Make me (my God) in hate to impure liues,

* Kicke at that Life, which Life of Heau'n deprives.

Make me to feele, those wonted holy fires,

Which rapt my soule in sanctified desires,

(Rauisht all sense) and with admir'd amaze,

Expos'd me, to that blessed burning blaze

Of





The Celestiall Publican.

Of glorious contemplation; thoughts diuine

Then like Heauens Tapers in my Soule did shine; *Simile.*

But now that Glory failes; my soule hath seru'd

Folly so long; 'tis readie to be seru'd.

Darke finnes desire hath dimm'd the Christall sight,

Of Meditation, turn'd my Day to Night,

To dismall Night; where onely I may see

My selfe alone, stand like a desolate Tree

Forfaken of all her Leaues; the Fruite dead,

And eu'ry Branch of comfort withered.

Naked performance, of Heauens sacred Word,

Pulls Hell on me; Me thinkes the flaming sword,

Of Gods iust vengeance, houer's o're my head,

Th' Element burnes, the starres like molten Lead *Simile.*

Threaten





The Celestiall Publican.

Threaten destruction; while distressed I,
Like a condemned wretch sentenc'd to die,
Stand quaking at the Horrour, dreadfull woe
Shiuers my finfull soule. What shall I doe?

Pitty me King of Thunder, Heau'n, and Earth,
Mercifull Maker; thou that didst giue me Birth,
Thou that canst muster Angels in the skie,
To safegard soules from blacke impietie,
Thou that dost feede, and clothe, and still perseuer
To giue me Health, be mercifull for euer.
I that am poore, weake, feeble, and too apt
By the worlds whorish wayes to be entrapt:
I that am slothfull, dull, and negligent,
Vnmindfull of thy dread Commandement,

Beseech





The Celestiall Publican.

Befeech thy pardon, forgiue my coldnesse
In seruing thee; pardon that sinfull boldnesse.
Pardon all idle prate; finnes rotten talke,
Let not my steppes tread that accursed walke
Which leades to lewdnesse, base delight in Pleasure,
Desire of Pompe, Vaine-glory, Tott'ring Treasure.
Deale not, O deale not with me as my merit
Truely deserues; driue out the vggly spirit
Of all vncleannesse from my filthy flesh,
(My drooping soule with sanctitie refresh.)
Shrowd me beneath thy sacred Countenance,
Giue me thy Seruant *Dauids* Repentance,
The Patience of *Job*, *Paul's* Puritie,
And soule-afflicted *Peters* weeping eye:

With





The Celestiall Publican.

With holy Teares, Lord, make me to reiect
The sinne I (sinne-sicke sinner) most affect.
Heare me (Miraculous Maiestie) and giue
A Period to my cares, let me not liue
Frustrate of heau'nly thoughts; O send redresse
(Thou bidst me write) keepe me from Idlenesse,
From all ill Company, All waies vniust,
Sinne, Satan, and the Laborynth of Lust,

Simile.

- * Like *Ioseph* (Mighty Maker) make me fly
- * The tempting Baites of Beauties burning Eye.
- * Diuert my sad distressed soule from vice,
- * And Rauish me with loue of Paradise.
- * Let not my wand'ring Eyes swimme in the fire
- * Of Lust-stung lookes; nor let the loose desire

* Of





The Celestiall Publican.

- * Of womans naked Paps, burne out mine Eyes
- * With sencelesse gazing; make me to despise
- * All base desires, sinnes of ill-gouern'd youth,
- * All wicked Customes, gainst thy sacred Truth.

Suffer me, Worme vnworthy, not in vaine
To call on thee, let me some comfort gaine
Or kneele for euer; happie man were I
To kneele, and pray, and praying thus to die.
My Armes are spread, come sempeternall Essence,
Rauish my soule; come blessed penitence,
Giue me a thousand stabs; my soule has need
Of many thousand Teares; then let it bleed
Pierce, pierce my stubborne Heart; make that the Inne
Of Grace, which yet is but the house of sinne.

At





The Celestiall Publican.

At my dull follies I'le no longer wincke,
Sorrow shall be my Pen, sad Teares my Incke,
Misery my Paper, whereon I'le write
The sorrowes of my soule, my Youth's delight,
My Paths of Pleasure, prodigall expences,
My scarlet Crimes, and all my blacke offences.
This Booke I'le Dedicate vnto my Heart,
My Heart, chiefe Actor, in sinnes Tragicke part,
My Heart vnprincely, Reuelling within
My Body, that Banqueting House of sinne.
There chain'd to th' Magicke Musicke of free-will,
Riots in poyson'd pleasures, lewdly ill.
All that belongs to th' Body eu'ry part,
(My soule alone excepted) serues my Heart,

Best





The Celestiall Publican.

Best pleas'd, and best at ease with pleasures Bane,
Most glad, to be most bad, and in that vaine
Traitor to Truth; Each Limme a Mortall Foe,
To worke my vniuersall ouerthrow,
And to that end, with rude insatiate eyes,
Runne all a whoring after vanities,
Soule-damning Banquets, Pompe, bewitching ioy,
Forfake eternall Glory for a Toy;
Debarring hope of Heau'n, and sweete Saluation,
For moment pleasure, licorish damnation.
O false, false Heart, false to thy dearest friend,
Wound me no more, for pittie make an End.
I pittie thy blacke life, nor can forbear
For thee, to shed, many a bleeding Teare.

Thou





The Celestiall Publican.

Thou art my foe, and yet to see thee feed
Fat for Hells shambles my poore soule do's bleed,
Bleeds inward, vndiscern'd of any Eye,
Except my God, and my owne misery.
What shall I doe? faine would I shunne the sinne
My frailty most delights to wander in:
And yet I cannot; when I strue gainst vice
To stand most firme, I'me tript vp in a trice.

- * Oh what a misery 'tis to haue a minde
- * For to be truly honest, well inclinde
- * And not to be suffer'd; such is the state,
- * Of my sad bleeding soule vnfortunate.

Poore soule, that liues like Fortunes foot-ball toft,
In hazard eu'ry minute to be lost,

As





The Celestiall Publican.

As is the ship 'mong Rocks, steerd by the skill
Of an imperfect Pilats desp'rate will.

Simile.

Which, like a fruitlesse naught respected fly,

Simile.

Carelesse of danger, paine or misery,

Cutting the Ayre, flies at selfe-will so fast,

Till in the Spiders web 'tis caught at last.

So pleasure, soothing pleasure, doth beguile,

The sinfull Body with her couert guile,

Being the onely cause, when life for breath

During her short space, vainly strives gainst death,

Then like a mast-lesse Barke in stormy weather,

Simile.

The soule driues vp & downe, it knowes not whether,

At last, for life misse-led, (sinnes that excell)

Body and soule at once, Iumpe into Hell.

C

* O





The Celestiall Publican.

* O thou the King, of those eternall fires
* Which spangle Heauen; good God grant my desires
* Infuse in me thy Grace, or I shall stray
* And so become a fearefull Cast-away.
* Helpe, or I sinke, belowe the lowe degree,
* Of finnes extreamest infelicitie.
* Come, come Lord Iesus, O come thou and giue
* Helpe to my helpelesse soule; I that doe liue
imile. Like the distressed Bird, trapt in a Snare,
Caught by a lime-twig flying from the Ayre;
• In which distresse, for comforts sweete reliefe,
Poore Innocent, with wings adds woe, to griefe,
So fares my soule, struiuing finnes snare to fly.
Forc'd by deceit, liues snar'd in penury.

Acom-





The Celestiall Publican.

Accompaned with comfortlesse despaire,
With sobs, and grones, and selfe-consuming care
In Sable sorrow sits, there sighs, and mournes, *Simile.*
Wastes, and consumes, like a spent Taper burnes
Onely for a flash, ready to goe out,
With multitude of sinnes circl'd about,
The very thought do's shake me, and the feare
Rowze my flint Heart, that like a frighted Deere *Simile.*
Amazed stands; attaints mine eyes of treason,
Those eyes exclaime, against the eyes of reason,
The eye of reason, blames their wanton sight
As ouer rul'd by foolish appetite,
Each guilty of their fault, to sinne stand thrall,
No Limme but helps, th' oppressed soule to fall,



The Celestiall Publican.

* Man at the best, his vertu's very little,

* His state a Bubble, at the strong'st most brittle,

mile. * Mans life is like a Game at Tables, where

* A good chance happ'ning; if you doe not there

* Mend it with some good play, the sad Games losse

* Will vex thy grieved soule, proue the sole crosse

* To all thy comforts; All quietnesse than

mile. * Leaues thee; and like a drunken scruing-man,

* Which at his masters most need goes astray,

* Is euer sure, still to be out o'th way.

What shall I doe? Where, whether shall I fly?

Here, there, I know not where, lie downe and dye,

Vp soule to Heav'n, there get a glorious Crowne,

I am too weake, too vile, sinne puls me downe





The Celestiall Publican.

O my vnworthinesse, my shame, my sinne
When shall I shake thee of, when, when beginne,
No; wilt not bee, can I not doe the good
I would? Must I be rul'd by flesh, and blood?
Weepe on, weepe on, dissolue hard heart of flint,
Melt, melt thou stony rocke, Teares neuer flint
Drop Marble Mount, drop to a crimson flood,
Sinke my finnes in Seas of penitent blood.
Come folded Armes, and you sad Eyes, sad Heart,
Come Soule oppress'd with sorrow, play thy Part,
Haste to some gloomy-groue, there all alone
On the greene mantled Earth, sigh, sob, and grone,
Spend pretious time, with sacred thoughts that beares
Heau'n in their Eyes, true Vertue in their teares,





The Celestiall Publican.

Complaine I will to fortune, not that whore
Which makes' leane art, & pale-fac'd wisdom poore,
He not complaine to her; but to that Ens
Almighty Fortune; in diuineſt ſenſe,
Groueling on Earth for ſinne; He caſt forth groanes,
Sighes ſhall conuert to Teares; Teares into moanes,
Then will I ſtart, from ground my Body raiſe
Shoote mine Eyes vpward; againſt Heau'n I'll gaze
Thinke on my God; my God, whoſe ſacred Will
I haue abuſ'd; my God moſt iuſt to kill
Damne Soule, and Body, my rememb'rance blot
Out of the Booke of Life, I that forgot
(In miſt of all vaine ioyes, Intemperate healths
Looſe wanton chambering laſcious ſtealths.)

All-

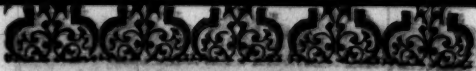




The Celestiall Publican.

All-seeing Heauen ; a God so good, so great,
He that to feed vs with Spirituall meate,
Tooke humane shape ; came downe from Heau'n, to (Earth
Enter'd the World ; at whose soule-sauing Birth The
Natiuitie
The euerlasting gates of Mercy stood of Christ.
Open to all ; His houre of flesh and blood,
Turn'd night to day, Heau'ns glittering Angell came
And to poore men, poore shepheards did proclaime
A Saujour borne, sinnes fury to controule,
Neuer was such sweet musicke to the soule,
Before his comming ; the Natiuitie
Of Christ brings mortals firme felicitie.
* Milde was his Birth ; his Life creations wonder,
* His death, deaths terror ; O thou God of thunder,
C 4 * Master





The Celestiall Publican.

* Master of mans saluation, all the Earth
* Reapt plenitude of Ioy, when thou tookest Birth,
* Mortalls were bigge with sinne, villany ripe,
* Hells dreadfull Dragon, ready for to gripe
* Soules in his vggly pawes; But then stept in
* Our Sauour; he redeemed lost soules, whose sinne
* Gaue them to death eternall; blessed houre,
* Blessed Natiuitie, thrice blessed powre,
* Me thinkes at thought of thy Natiuitie,
* I lie perfum'd in Immortalitie.
When Christ was borne, all were new borne agen,
Nere came like Musicke to the hearts of Men:
Angels for ioy, clap their Celestiall Wings,
And eu'ry Saint, eu'ry Crownd Martyr Sings
(Magni-





The Celestiall Publican.

(Magnifico Deum) to mortalls peace

The calme of Conscience, and shall mortalls cease

Their glad expressions? No, let hate to vice

Dissolue sinnes cloud; Eccho to Paradice

Our Sauours welcome, let vs neuer more

Lie downe to our dishonours like a whore

Simile.

Dead to good counsell; neuer let darke deedes

Defile the Soule; Lets roote vp all the seedes

Of Pride, Lust Enuie, Harred, and in place

Plant wisdome, mecke humility and grace.

* Christs Glory came cloathd in humility,

* To teach our Hell-bred Pride, Ciuility.

* Borne of a Virgin, came to the world a stranger

* His Palace an Oxe-stall, his Bed a Manger:

O're





The Celestiall Publican.

O're whose obscure abroad, Heav'n's Taper shinde;
And to the foules of wisest Men diuinde
Great Natures wonder; pointed them the way
To finde the worlds Redeemer; they obay
Made towards that fixed starre which in the skie
Was the blest Virgin Maries Canopie,
To Beth-lehem they came; there with hearts glad
Ador'd the King of Glory, poorely clad.
Nor could blood thirstie Herods strict command,
Nor bloody butchering of Babes withstand
His blessed Birth; whose admiration brings
Ioy to the world; blest be that King of Kings,
He that to cure sinnes Leaporous disease
A Heauenly Progressse fetcht, the Geste these:

Christs



The Celestiall Publican.

C
H R
I S T' S

Setting forth
from's Celestiall
PALACE, Lodg'd in
the *Virgins* Wombe; from
that blest PLACE, To th' *Manger*
went; from *Manger* to the *Crosse*; From
Crosse departed (with his deare Blouds losse)
Vnto the SEPVLCHER; there made all euen,
And so Return'd, Gloriously Home to HEAVEN.
To HEAV'N, from whence LORD let thy
SACRED FIRE, GLISTER vpon
my SOVLE, whose sole Desire,
Begges MERCY for my
Sinnes, makes knowne to
THEE, THOV that
hast RAVINHST
ALL, hast
Rauisht
Me.

The Ada-
mant of
Glory.



The Celestiall Publican.

The
Passion of
Christ.

Thirty three yeeres Christs sanctity did were
The Cloth of our Redemption, and did beare
Times heauy yoake of crosses, that we might,
With ease sustaine all wrongs; in him delight

Simile.

- * Like Martyr'd Stephen, whose lowd crying grones
- * Gain'd Heau'n ith' middle of a storme of stones.
- * Lone lead him on; in Death this Saint was Taster,
- * And first, that follow'd his Immortall Master
- * Christ Crucifide; whom none that truly heares,
- * But sure 'twill thawe their frozen hearts to teares.
- * Christs whole Life was a Martyrdome, and Crosse,
- * Actiue, and Passiue, and his deare bloods losse
- * The Tragicke Part, the bloody Sceane which none
- * But he himselfe must Act, and Act alone.

* Alone





The Celestiall Publican.

* Alone for vs, (Heau'ns Glorious Lampe of Grace

* Grou'ling on Earth) fell on his sacred Face,

* He that is euer Lord of Mercies seate,

* Water'd the Garden Cedron with the sweate

* Of bloody Browes, and Body; heauineſſe,

* And deadly sorrow, seiz'd his blessedneſſe :

* A kiſſe betray'd him, and a periur'd lie,

* Was the Reward for all his puritie,

In ſcorne, this Prince of Heau'n was buffetted,

Spighted, ſpitted at, Extreemly ſcourged,

Yet Torture ne'r mou'd him; he was ſilent,

In all his bitter ſufferings patient.

Neuer did Earthly King, (free from annoy)

Receiue his Crowne, nor with a greater ioy

Went





The Celestiall Publican.

Went to his Coronation Dignifide
As Glories King ; went to be Crucifide.
In him the Iewes derided Maiestie,
Condemned Innocence, scourg'd Pietie,
* Head, Hands, Side, Feet, they to the Crosse did Fixe
* Made him all o're a bloody Crucifixe.

Simile.

* Satan and Death like sawcie sericants went
* To seize on him ; to sheere that Innocent
* Blest Lambe of God ; But he who was to saue
* All that belieu'd ; they had no power to shaue,
* His Patience, Death, and Diuels force did quell
* He tooke the Great *Leuiathan* of Hell
* With the hooke of his Crosse; made him his slaue
* Captiu'd the Diuell, and subdued the Graue,
Simile. * Like a long lookt for Booke, Christ in the Presse
Was kept, to come in Print forth, for to blesse
* Our soules with that Saluation which do's giue
* New Life, whereby Eternally wee liue.

Deare



Deare
Deare
Whe
Blow
Insul
Thy

T
Ac v
Dar

I N R I.

Suffer'dst the
Which downe
Suffer'dst the
Slac'd, from
Nay'd to the
Suffer'd, the

Deare Saujour sweet, sweet was thy deare Compassion,
Dearely exprest in that most bitter PASSION;
When whipt and scourg'd, thou mildly suffer'dst all,
Blowes, Buffets, Blasphemies, VIN' GER and GALL,
Insulting Foes Reproach, Mockes, Scoffings, Scorne,
Thy SINWES to be Rackt, thy BODY Torne.

Crowne of Thornes & empale thy Braine,
thy Checkes forc'd shewes of Bloud to raine;
piercing LAVNCE, that like a FLOYD
thy wounded Side, thy precious BLOOD
Croffe; there CHRIST lost Soules to winne,
World's huge pondrous weight of Sinne.

*The Key of
Heaven.*

Heau'ns Wrath, Hel's Rage;

On CHRIST, all Torments fell

To saue our Soules frō those blew flames in Hell.

At which th' amazed EARTH with horroure shooke,
Darkenesse possess the WORLD, Day Light forsooke.

I N R I.
CAN muddle
And not *Christ's*
HAPPY the
FOR *Christ's*
What *Tongue?*
CHRIST'S

Her wonted course; the Sunne obscur'd his Light,
At Death of IESVS CHRIST; that bloody sight
Made HELL to quake; Diuels with Admiration,
Tremble to see the Cause of MANS Salvation!
Oh the rich thought, strike, strike amazing Thunder,
Shake Natures Frame; this impious Age with wonder!

Mortals minde their Actual EVILS,
SWEET RINGS? (Such resemble Devils;)
MAN, whose lacted SOYLE is bent,
ENDVINGES, firmly to REPENT,
What *Pen?* Not all Mans *wis* can tell
Torments; they exceeded paines in Hell:

And all for MAN,
Ingratefull, wretched MAN,
Are we not bound, to loue and feare Him than?
O, yes, to spend whole houres, dayes, months, & yeares
In true Repentant Showres, and Flouds of Teares.

B
 left,
 Bleft,
 O Bleft,
 Be that Di-
 uinity, Three
 Sacred Persons
 GOD in Vnitie,
 WHOSE glorious
 Rauiſhing Reſurrection,
 Reſtor'd Vs (loſt) to Grace,
 Oh PERFECTION! Purifie
 thou my Soule, my Heart, my
 Minde: Snatch mee from Earth,
 to Hea'n make mee inclin'd, Wholy
 to Thee, (All worldly Pompe deſpiſing)
 Fixe my THOUGHTS euer,
 On thy Bleſſed RISING:
 Giue MEE A Sempe-
 ternall Re-
 uerence,
 To Thy
 ALL-glo-
 rious high Om-
 nipotence. I that
 am clog'd with
 ſin, & wretch-
 edneſſe,
 Deſp'rate
 thoughts
 hunting

after Worldlineſſe) Thy Bleſt Protection craue,
 cleare the great ſcore, Of all my fowle miſdeeds,
 that I no more So great a Sinner prooue; Lord
 let my ſtrife, Againſt my finnes, Raiſe me from Death
 to Life, And from the Foote of vggly finnes diſgrace,
 Mount, mount, my SOVLE, to th' Pyramid of Grace.

D

The
 PYRAMID
 OF
 Paradise.



The Celestiall Publican.

Did each one truly know the true delight,
Wherein the wise contemplate Heav'n's rich sight,
'T would fright th' excessive sinners God-lesse face,
Make him, as in a Glasse see his disgrace,
Teare op'e his eyes, that all amaz'd with horreur,
Trembling he may behold with dreadfull terrour,
A guard of Furies, sucking at his soule,
That he may see his sinnes, horrid and foule,
(Live as in sulphurous flames;) discern his Euill,
See the fierce Deuill, and cease to be a Deuill
Cease from damnations Heire, licentious life,
Cease from extreames in sinne, soule-murdring strife,
Abhorre to studie state with greater Zeale
Then Zeale to Heav'n, or the soules Common-weale

Ab



The Celestiall Publican.

Abhorre with Solemne Oathes perjur'd to reare,
And racke the Name of Christ dreadlesse of feare
Wounding afresh (with trembling feare I write)
Wonder of Angels, that great God of Light,
His wounds, with Oathes of wounds, flesh, bloud & hart,
(Horroure of darkenesse) O blaspheming part!
Too too much vs'd 'mong God-lesse soules, who still
Infinite good pay with infinite ill.
As if no thought remain'd of future good,
No teares for him, that shed his pretious bloud,
But as the comely Actor, whose faire part
Vpon the stage presents an honest heart
For two houres space, a Vertuous Noble Minde,
His Sceane expir'd, basely to vice inclinde,

D 2

Drinke

Drinke,



The Celestiall Publican.

Drinke, Drabs, and Oathes, making no other vse
With his faire Part but with excesse abuse:

- * O you that stand on Pynacles of state
- * Let not the World deceiue you, least too late
- * From off your slipp'ry height you come in thrall,
- * o pash your selues in peeces past recall.
- * Sell not fare Lord-ships, to keepe Lady-ships,
- * Nor sucke damnation from a strumpets lips.
- * Touch not those Spells of *Sparta*, let e'm Rot
- * When Vertue rules in Man, Lust liues forgot.

One onely Iemme, that's all the store I haue,
Great of that little nothing, which shall craue
Of Heauens Greate En's, not for my selfe alone,
But for thee Reader, thee, and every one,

Rare





The Celestiall Publican.

Rarenesse of Rare example, and withall
An euerlasting skie of Grace to fall
Vpon our warre on Earth, desiring Heauen,
For wayes on Earth are crooked, all vneuen.

* Saue me, O saue me, thou Eternall Terror
* To damned soules, I doe confesse each Error,
* The many thousand sinnes, vnseene, vnfelt
Which long, too long in my hard heart haue dwelt,
* To thee, to thee, thou Euer-living being
* Of an Eternall Maiestie All-seeing,
* With penitent Heart I come, I call, I cry,
* Pardon my sinnes, helpe thou All-viewing Eye.
* Look downe Soule-sauing sacred God of Truth
* Forgiue, th' infinite follies of my youth.



The Celestiall Publican.

- * Shield me Diuinitie from Satans Ginnes
- * Lord lay not to my Charge my Parents sinnes;
- * Glory of Goodnesse in thy Mercy heare mee;
- * Let Hate, Reuenge, nor Enuie ne'r come neare mee,
- * Let neither Pride, nor hope of gaine deceiue mee,
- * Nor pleasure, nor the want of Meanes bereaue mee
- * Of sense; leaſt ſenſeleſſe wholly I deſpaire,
- * And ſo become the wretched Childe of care.
- * O ſacred Sauour make me euertrie
- * To liue by honeſt Meanes, or let me die;
- * Though griefe, and I, haue well acquainted beene,
- * Lord let me neuer griue, but for my ſinne.
- * So ſhall thy Mercy, ne'r forgetfull ſtand
- * While I haue Tongue, a Pen, a Head, a Hand.

THE



THE
SPIRITVALL
SEA-FIGHT.

* *
*

E M'prouer of Angells, O thou King of Starres,
Mans perfect solace 'gainst sins bloody Wars-
When I behold, with contemplation Eye
The filuer Spangles of thy Glorious skie;
Me thinkes in that Blew-paper-Booke of Heau'n,
I see waies of Mortalls all vneu'n
The wretched soule of Man in euery Place
Lives as in Hell on Earth, without thy Grace,

D 4

Tempra-





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Temptation on Temptation, past controule
Alures the Body, to betray the Soule.
Hell's Blacke Prince, Troopes of spirits eu'ry day
Inuade my sinne-scidg'd-soule; Furies display
Infernall Banners; while the Drumme of Death
Beates a dead March; and e're I can take Breath
Sounds shrill Alarums; hot Assaults beginne
The soules fierce Fight; muff'd in cloudy sinne,
I liue beset, Millions of spirits round
Shooke at my soule; I stand on no firme ground
But tread on earth, as on a Ball of Ice
I cannot stand, nor stirre for slip'ry Vice.
My Soul's a Ship, tost on the Mountaine Seas
Of this vast World, she neuer liues at ease;

bt.

The Spirituall Sea-fight.

ay

ch

th

ce,

I

s

Her

* Her sayles are fighes, her Anchor deepe despaire,

* Her Compasse Error, her sad Pilot, Care;

Farre off from safeties shore, floates on the waues

Offfearefull billowes, Soule deuouring Graues.

Rough, blust'ring, stubbornie stormes, yeeld no reliefe

On euery Shrowd, Each Tackling, hangs a grieffe:

Death like a darke cloud, besets euery Place,

Here Rocks of Ruine, their Pyrates lie in Chase

In euery corner, Mischiefes hourly lurke,

* Pride fights against vs like a furious Turke; *Simile.*

* Lust like a trech'rous Spaniard; murd'ring French,

* Like an infected poyson's loathsome stench,

* Gluttonie like a *Germane*, drunkenneffe

* Like a *Dutch Dun-kerker*; whose impioufnesse

* Stiles



The Spirituall Sea-fight.

* Stiles him the Master Ganner, to giue fire
* To all finnes blacke Artillery, Hells Ire
* Internall chaine-shot, All soule-murd'ring strife,
To sinke Man's weather-beaten ship of Life,
Which to gaine Grace, no sooner weighs Anchor,
Sets sayle for safety, but straight finnes Canker,
The deuouring Diuell, Pyrate for Hell,
Chasing flies after, and with blacke Arts spell
Commands to stay; sometimes with beauteous formes
With songs of Syrens sometimes; sometimes stormes
Such pitchie Tempests, to be night the way,
As if the horror of the latter day
Frighted the World; so stops the soule from blisse,
Shoots through, and through her, so she steers amisse.
Then





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Then as in bloody Sea-fights Men may see *Simile.*
Times sacrifice to valour, no man free
From desp'rate danger; euery one maintaines
The terrour of the Fight (though with their braines
Dash't in each others Faces.) Virall breath,
Lost in a fighting flame; blood, and death:
Bullets, and Batteries, couers the ship all o're
Her dismall deckes with horror, purple gore,
And scatterd limmes; so the soules Pinnate
In her Spirituall fight sinnes do's deface,
Murders our best of thoughts, like raging Seas,
Winds, stormes & tempest driue vs where they please.
The poore afflicted soule, Satan so blinds,
It knowes not where shee is; by whyzing winds.

Now





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Now tost toth' top of all the Azure Skie,
Now tumbling as to Hell, with frighted Eye,
Her Flag of finnes defiance Tempest-rent.
Her Sayles torne all to Rags, her Maine-mast spent;
All out of Order: tossing to, and fro,
The soule distressed, knowes not which way to goe.
With gentle calme, check Satan's black storme, Lord,
Wee shipwracke else, Diuels will come a Board
Burne with Hells wildfire, Flame, Ruine, Race,
Blot our soules hope, helpe Minister of Grace.
Safeties in Heau'n, in this vncertaine Life
Nothing but Hell-bred quick sands, Warre, and strife,
Soule-killing vapours, worldly vanities,
Thicke clouds of vice Perpetuall miseries,

There





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

There is a Voyage, to the Holy Land
In which the Truth, our blessed *Card* must stand
The Holy Ghost our *Pilot* to direct
ent; The steerage of our course from sinnes neglect,
Toth' Hauen, of Heau'n ; that happy *Port* of Rest,
Saluations Guard, true *Cape* of Comfort blest.
Lord, There, Heauens bright Maiestie, our Sauour sweet,
Sits with the Hand of Mercy, for to Greet
And waite vs to him ; O may all that stray !
Sayling along the Coast of sorrow, Pray,
Pray vnto him, hee'l guide their wandring Barke,
rise, Tempest tost houely in the dreadfull Darke.
If thou be Sea-sicke call vpon him, and he
Shall soone with Health's sweet solace comfort thee;
here Rebuke





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Rebuke the raging windes, Times blackest storme,
And to a calme, Skie-swelling Seas reforme:
No Rocks, Gulfs, Sands, nor Seas cloud-kissing waues
Sinnes dreadfull Sea-fight, nor the desp'rate braue
Of Pyrates, none shall hurt; let then thy care
See thy weake vessell Rigg'd, well Man'd with prayer
And then launch forth, hoist sayles, and when you spie
The *Cape* of good hope, keepe it in thine eye.
Let holy thoughts, death threatening storms o'recome
That whatsoever chance there shall become,
The vessell of thy Body being foule,
Make sure to saue the passenger, thy soule.

* He valiant, onely Vertuous is that can

* Subdue his Sinnes; Hees the true Noble Man,

* Ther





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

*Ther's perfect valour, he true glory winnes,

*He's the true Souldier, that subdues his finnes:

*Breakes through the pikes of sinne, all fiends that are

*In Hell, or Diuels ruling in the Aire,

(*Forcing his way to Heau'n despight all charmes)

*Enchantmets, dead-sleeps, all soule-slayling harmes)

*Wrestling like *Jacob*, constant in his fight *Simile.*

*Mindfull of his maiestick-Makers fight.

To such belongs the Euerlasting Crowne

Off sempeternall Glory, true Ronowne;

Which to prepare thee for; cease to neglect

Th' Allmighties sacred seruice, let respect

Fcare and true Reuerence to his pretious Word,

Be to thy soule that Helmet, Shield and Sword

Too





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Too strong for Sathan, all the fiery Darts
Of Fiends and furies, Arme thy noble Parts
Thy Soule, thy Heart, thy Mind, strive to fulfill
(The Maiestie of Heauen) his Diuine Will,
imile. And like the cunning curious Architect
Earnest some goodly Building to Erect :
(Breaking his sleepe) wholly imployes his minde
On the drawne Modell ; which when he do's finde
Exact, his Eye dwels euer then vpon it,
And his affection neuer driuen from it.
So when to thought we call our Saviours blood,
(That sempeternall platforme of all good)
Shed for our finnes, Let it for euer dwell
In the Idea of our Mindes, so Hell,
Sinn,





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Sinne, death, nor deadly desp'rate discontent,
Can barre the Heau'nly heart from true content,
• What vggly wormes are wee that dare presume
• To pawne our soules for pleasure, dare consume
• Our Time on toys, when as we firmly know
• Time shall decay; we cannot feed, nor goe,
• Nor promise life a Minuite; we passe to bed
• But Ignorant to rise aliue, or dead.
• Admit day-light approaches, and the morne
• Inuites thee forth? thou neuer maist returne;
• Death by a thousand accidents do's meete
• Health, Wealth, and Beauty; stabs them in the street,
• He that least thinkes of death, some falling Tyle
• Timber, or Stone, do's suddenly beguile

E

Him





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Him of his life, yea oft' when he refraines
And seekes to shun it, dasheth out his braines:
These Tragicke Truths (true causes of dislike,)
Me-thinkes should moue vs to repent, and strike
A terror to our soules; force vs to see
Man's outward danger; inward misery
Which like an vnresisted roaring Tide
Runnes through our veins, and apt the blood to pride
To all the finnes that are, or euer were;
O horrid ill! haue wee not cause to feare,
To quake and tremble, when our dull dead Eyes
(Drunke with the poyson'd dreggs of sinne) tie'r spies
The mischicuous perills, and the blacke affright
That hourly waite, on the Spirituall fight.

Fiends





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

Fiends liue at Sea, and Furies on the Land,

Gluttonie for a *Corporall* do's Stand,

Au'rice a *Pioneer*, Sloth you may spie

An idle *Gentleman* of a Company,

Wrath's the *Seruant*, Enuie the *Colours* gaine,

Lust the *Lieutenant* is, Pride the *Captaine*,

These in the Heart of euery one take Place

Where cowardly soules shun the blest meanes of grace,

Let vs for euer then resist all Euill

Wisedome commands vs to defie the Diuell;

To combate with our finnes; oppose temptation,

Fight against Hell, the Diuell, and Damnation.

This for a *Caueat* take, strive to doe well:

(Ingratitude to Heaue'n, picks open hell.)



The Spirituall Sea-fight.

While Grace is offer'd then, Watch, Fast, and Pray :

Ther's no preuention in the latter day.

* None liues secure, that to his Vice laies friend,

* A Vitious life, oft makes a vitious end,

* Strengthen me, my Creator, make me fight

* Thy HOLY BATTLE, let not the Worlds delight

* Disswade my soule; sweet Iesus, for thy merits

* Enable mee, Rowze my deiected Spirits,

* Vncharme Hells charme, O Sacred God vntie

* My fetter'd Soule, let mee not euer lie

* Lull'd in the Strumpet lap of deadly sinne,

* This Minute Sacred Saujour now beginne

* To giue Release, and as thou didst provide

* An Army of Angels, for Eliab's guide,

* Who





The Spirituall Sea-fight.

- * Who (to secure him guilt with Enemies)
- * Mounted his soule from worldly vanities.
- * So Heauenly Day-Star, blessed Iesus end
- * This my Designe thy holy Angell send
- * To be my Guide, my Guard, my Sacred spell
- * Gainst all Enchantments, witchcrafts, death, & hell
- * So shall my Anthem euery morning be
- * Glory of Heauen, shew mercy vnto me,
- * To me Times wretch, most wretched; vilely base
- * Wanting thy sacred aide, spirituall grace.
- * Remember not my frailties ; make me to grow
- * Great in thy loue, thou that dost truly know,
- * Of all the Blessings vnto Mortals giuen
- * My chiefe desire on Earth, is Grace from Hea'n,

The Spirituall Sea-fight.

* The Blessing of th' Almighty Lord of Hosts, *W*

* The Father, the Sonne, and the holy Ghost, *W*

* Preserve, be with me, now, and for euer when *W*

* My Soule is most distressed, Amen, Amen. *T*

Spes mea Christus.

* *Spes mea Christus.*

*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

THE

* *Spes mea Christus.*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

* *Spes mea Christus.*

The

3



THE WORLD.

VAine is this *world*, this Strumpet World that can
Yeeld nothing cōstant, Loue'twixt man & man,

Which next his Maker, should be most respected,

Is soonest broake; and most of all neglected,

Ingratefull, vile, the World's a very Whore,

Proud, rich in Vice, in Vertue most, most poore,

Misse-led by eu'ry vaine Phantasticke Toy,

To forget God, bewitch't with carnall ioy,

Bundles of Baubles, imbecilitie,

Biles of Apparell; Botch Nobilitie:

Lordships, Ladyships, Foolries and Fashions,

Lust-panting Humours; ten thousand Passions.



The World.

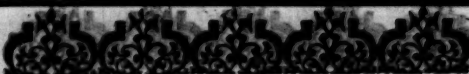
Rich Men, the more to blame, as this Age goes,
Debarre house-keeping to maintaine gay Cloathes;
A Rich Caroach, three hunder'd pounds a Gowne,
Thirty pounds a Smocke, or their Wiues will frowne,
There is no liuing with them, they must ride
Where, when, and how they list in glit'ring Pride,
High flashing burning Brauerie, blinde Eyes,
Flint Hearts, dull Eares, deafe to all poore Meas cries
Such is the dullnesse of Mortalitie,
And such the World's cold Hospitalitie,
* Each dustie Magist'rate with Briberie fed,
* One robs the liuing, another robs the dead,
* A third the Arch-Theefe playes by cunning stealth,
* Knaue Knights by Patent rob the Common-wealth,
Ioyne





The World.

- * Joyne with much, too much, ill iniustice, he
 - * Zodomiticall Lecher for a greedie Fee
 - * Dares license lust, glad if he may preuaile,
 - * (Sucke wealth from prostitute Harlots; neuer faile
Man's minde which most his Maker should affect
(With feare, and trembling, and that true respect,
Belongs to his high Maiestie) the Net
Of sinne so shars, we worthlesse wormes forget
God's Thunder-darting Vengeance, glorious stare
Still forget God, forget to contemplate
With Rauishing Loue, true loue, pure heart, pure cies,
That's the defect makes hourly mischiefes rise,
 - * Ambitious Lords Amir'd in Anickt shape,
 - * Ioy in the wayes of Lust, Murder, and Rape,
* Ladies
- 



The World.

* Ladies with charmes, tricks, humours, that they haue,

* Abuse their Lords, dispatch them to the Graue.

* The lealiours Husband (mischieuous in ill)

* Through vaine suspect, his constant wife to kill,

* The carelesse Cleargy man in his degree

* Satan corrupts ; makes for a golded fee

The greedy Lawyer fed by Clients strife,

Brib'd angels take, for the true Angell life,

Iust Iudge, the vnjust dustie Magistrate,

Father the Sonne, the Sonne the Father hate,

Brother, the Brother, prosecute to death,

Quarrell for Toyes ; stop one anothers breath.

The world do's hourly tempt fooles worldly wise,

The deceitfull Tradesman, that seemes precise,

And



The World.

And is an arrant knave; to thinke the honie
And onely blessed life, still to get money.
Mockes at the poore mans vertue, and in pride
Stiles him a vertuous foole; thus knaves deride
The pouertie of Men, which do's as farre
(In Heauenly wealth) transcend them, as a starre
The richest Iemine on Earth; But tis not so
With the worlds wealthy worldling; they say no,
Rich enough, Honest enough; all they can
Aimes at the outward, not the inward man.
* Pouertie made a scoffe, a scorne, a winde:
* Gold smotheres Vertue, blackest Actions blinde.
* Gold got in God's name, with an honest face,
* Comes slow; but in the Diuels name apace.

Such

The World.

Such is the world's condixion, Good Men's thrall,

On Earth ther's no true comfort, none at all.

* The honest minded Scholler, shall ne'r lacke,

* Sorrow nor want of meanes to breake his backe.

* The pittifull Souldier, in his greatest need

* Ha's his throate cut, he shall be sure to bleed,

* The faire Gamester, for his milde square play,

* Is sooneft coozen'd, sure to lose eu'ry day.

* The faithfull Louer, still is paid with hate

* The more in loue, the more vnfortunate.

Be rich or poore, in high or low Estate

I'th mod'rate Meane, or fully fortunate,

Insatiate Mankinde, euer discontent,

Desires to liue, but neuer liues content.

The World.

In scarcity of Come, for plentie erie,

In plenty, straight forget God instantly.

Such is Man's Erring soule, which ought to know

* Lifes, but a long sad Pilgrimage of woe, *Simile.*

* An Arke of tranell, shop of vanity,

* Storehouse of trifles, Inhumanitie :

* A Field of Stones; a Path of thornie Pricks,

* Meadow of Scorpions, Groue of Basiliskes.

The Worlds vnquiet rest, is all Man's foe,

* Dangers attend vs, where so ere wee goe.

* Mischieuous Deceits, Brawles, Quarrels, Fightings,

* False-hearted Neighbour-hood, base back-bittings.

* Friendship's so faithlesse Ripe, full blowne with euill

* A friend to day, the next for gaine proues Deuill,

The

The World.

The World's condition right; tis slave to sinne,

Beware of it; the worlds a cunning ginne

• Twill entrap soules; call then to God for Grace,

• Let griefe for worldly Crosses, nee take place,

• Neuer let sorrow runne into extreames

• Vlesse for sinne; so shall Celestiall Beames

• Glorifie thy Soule, make it Immortall;

• Free it from ills; what euer can befall

In this false promising World; this Maze of woe,

Where wretched Worldlings know not where to goe

To winde them out; such are the various wayes

Of life oppressing Yeeres, Months, Weeks and Daies

As Prose ill read, abide too much misusing,

Or Vertuous verse, when rogues haue the perusing,

edT

• So

The World.

• So fares it with the faire, and flourishing Line,
• Of that sweet Heauenly straine, Poetic Diuine,
• Basely neglected by the Monster Crew,
• Of Puff-Paste muddie Mindes; that pish, and mew,
• Make a wry, Close-stooke-face; a squint ey'd glance
• At Vertuous verse; (whose sad mischance,
• Is to goe vnregarded,) when the crime
• Of a lasciuious, Bastard, Ballet rime,
(• If bawdy enough) though neuer so vnfit
• Winnes fauour, profit, and the praise of wit,
• Read with delight, and much, too much requir'd,
• Coppies sought after, greedily desir'd:
• When perfect Poetrie, Musicke to the soule
• Truth's firme Opposer 'gainst crimes filthy soule

• If

The World.

- * (If Read) most read for fashion, small delight,
- * No comfort, no respect, but scornfull sight,
- * And such is Vertues Poe; the Worlds proud Minion,
- * In whom ther's no true Loue, no perfect Vnion.

O Diuine Poet I lament thy state,
To see thy Beautie disproportionate,
So poorely in effeeme, ther's few I see
Or none at all take true delight in thee.

- * This wanton World farre sooner will approue
- * Ioy in Pot-Poets, loulie Ranting Ioue,
- * Or wanton *Ouies* fraine, to itch the eare,
- * And sicke the blood to lust, rather then heare
- * The Glorious Godly Aime of Noble Verse,
- * Which points at Heaen; and tels vs of that fierce

ALL

The World.

All-threatening Thunderer; he that descrites
Our secret deeds; those blackest Actions spies
At which, amaz'd, my Muse stands wrapt in wonder,
Beggs Mercy, Mercy, O thou God of Thunder,
Or we shall shipwracke all; All too too blame
Farte too ynmindfull of God's Sacred Name,
His Blessings day, by day, his, great Mercy
Long suffering, and Excelling Safery.
Why should we worm's stand pretious in Heau'ns sight
And not be damn'd to Euerlasting Night,
For our Foule erring sinnes, sinnes that Exceall
The least whereof, merits the Paines of Hell,
Hell that this instant Gapes, to seize this world,
Deseruing every moment to be hurl'd
F To

The VVorld.

To endlesse Flames; but for the Excellence
Of OVR FATHER's, wonderfull patience.
O for the Pen of pure perfection,
To character Man's imperfection,
Open the blinde, excessive sinners eyes,
(Force Teares for sinne) make him, himselfe despise
'Twere Musicke to the Soule; Diuine delight
Th' vndoubted Path to pleasures infinite.
Holla Commanding Empresse of my Braine,
Whether thus sings my Muse; diuinely Straine:
Man is so farre from making God amends,
That all his waies to wicked Actions bends.
The World's a Racke, Times Tenter-hooks to keetch
At mindes most honest; makes a man a wretch:
Thousand





The World.

Thousands in want, finding no way to cure it
Hazard the Gallows, rather then endure it,
Mis'ry of Miseries, when Coyne growes scant
Man's Fortun's Foot-ball, ther's no woe to want;
It dulls braue wittes, when nothing else can doe it;
Tames, and makes desperate when Time brings vs to it
Want makes a man turne Slave, ynto a Slave
Scoff, scorn'd, and flouted at by eu'ry knave,
By eu'ry filken sodden-headed Foole,
That neuer felt Heau'ns scourge, nor Mis'ries Schoole
Want, broacheth Mischiefes neuer thought vpon,
Makes many an honest woman wanton.
Want (like a Madman) makes Men sweare and Dice Simile
Forget their God, turne Vertue into vice.





The World.

Husband, and wife, the Sister, and the Brother,
Compel'd through want, deuoure one another.
Merchants, Lawyers, yea some Diuines will fall
When want do's soundly Gripe, twill trie them all.
And therefore (As an Antidote) be sure
First that thou pray to God, that's the maine Cure
Gainst Woluish-want ; and then bethinke thee sure
Vpon some honest meanes ; 'twill new Create
Thy vnderstanding, put thee on a way
With Reu'rent Soule, on bended knees, each day
To serue thy God aright ; so he from falling
Proues thy Protector, giues thee a Vertuous Calling
Heau'n grant the Honest Minde may neuer know
The fierce Assaults of want, that Hell of woe,
Torture





The World.

Torture of Minde, *Murderer of Modestie,*

High-way to Theft, Cut-throate of *Chastitie:*

The Key of *Whoredome*, Bane of that true Loue

Which many boast, but few did euer proue.

Many vow Loue, for euer to be true

Yet, when want comes, *Whores* are not more vnttrue.

How sweetly did that *Sacred Psalmist* sing

And runne *Time* true Diuision on the string

Of *Misery*, when he of God did craue,

Nor *want*, nor too much *wealth*, least in the Graue

Of damn'd *Despaire*, much want might haile him in

And Riches Mount him to the highest sinne:

Lackey his way to lewdnesse, to mistrust

God's Mercies, and to practise wayes vnjust

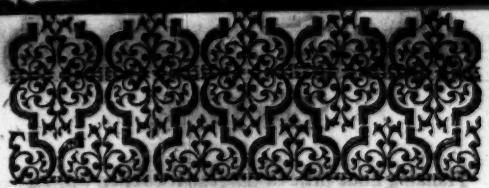


The VWorld.

A Holy feare seiz'd on that blessed King
To dread want's Dangerous Dart, Proud Riches sting.
May the Good Man, still thirst for Mercies Cup;
Climbe *Jacobs* sacred Ladder and mount vp
Into a fiery Chariot, Burning Zeale,
Live a bright Angell in Heav'n's Common weale.
Free from this World; whose Pompe, and Brauery,
Is but a Land of Durt, meere slavery,

THE





THE FLESH.

Sinne Afts foule Lust vpon the Soule while it
Stands Puritan Puncck-like, willing to commit.

The Flesh vnto the Soul's a bitter Pill,

(Sweet gilded Poyson, Candide o're to kill.)

Hurrid, Carocht in Pride, which glit'ring showe

Of swelling Pompe, whose sweet Effect is woe.

Fleshly delights beget much Misery

Makes Couples marrie vnaduisedly,

F 4

Thinking





The Flesh.

Thinking Loue tittle tattles, can feed their wishes,
Loue soone growes cold, where there is empty dishes.
Of all the finnes that are, when nothing can
Ruine the Soule ; the Flesh preuailes with Man,
His Eyes no sooner on Deuotion waite,
But in steps Carnall Concupiscence straight
She's at his Elbow still, to itch him on,
Th' vnhappy path to his Confusion.
* Chaste wiues are Saints, women that wantonize
* Witches, all poyson, Hell is in their Eyes,
In which, as in a Wilder nesse of woe,
In striuing to get out, on mad men goe
Starke mad, past sense, spight of all Books and Schools
Ruine their Fortunes, proue the Slaues to Fooles
For





The Flesh.

For an alluring Minutes trifling Ioy
A lewd Insatiate Longing, a meere Toy.
* O woman, woman, thy bewitching motion,
* Fooles wisedome, mads reason, and blinds a deuotiō
The Flesh (false Traitor like) striues to betray
The Soule to Hell, for an Infernall Prey.
Fleshly delight in Man, seares want of Breath
More then his God; sinne, or Eternall Death,
* When iust plagues come, the sin-sick fors can tremble
* Make knowne to all the World, how they dissemble,
* Pray with the lip, (not heart,) wrest sacred Text
* To serue their owne Ends first, and then God next.
* Provide to liue, in pestilent Times beginne,
* Take greater Care to flie from death, then sinne.
* Ther's



The Flesh.

* Ther's nothing in our Flesh, but wickednesse

* Desire to liue, and obscene wantonnesse,

We forget now that dreadfull dismall chance

The Terrible Arrow of Gods vengeance,

When Death buried farre more, then th' Earth coulde

And no man to the Graue his Friend durst follow, ^{(swallow}

O why should Mortals wish, long life to liue,

What Comfort? what true Ioy do's this life giue?

* Ther's nothing, not one thought that do's vs good, *

* But it is strangled straight, by Flesh and blood, *

* Holy Saint *Paul*, finding the Flesh Rebell, *

* desir'd to be dissolu'd, proud Flesh to quell, *

* And Sacred *Symeon* sung 'gainst sinnes encrease *

* Lord let thy seruant now, depart in peace, *

Shal

The Flesh.

Shall such soule-sweetning preparations be

Forgotten quite; O blinde securitie,

* Life louing Fortunes, how yea puffe Men vp,

* To hugge their Follies, drinke damnation's Cup.

What is it we behold, in this vaine life,

But dayly griefes and dangers; sinne, and strife.

* When my soule-erring Eyes, staring behold

* A dang'rous Strumpet, flane in glit'ring gold,

*(And murd'ring Beauty; sparkling from her Eye

* Burning Temptation) then me thinkes I spie

* My most apparent mischiefe, plainly see

* How I ne'r striue to please my God, as shee

* Striues to please Men; such is the flaring Pride

* Of the vaine Flesh, it hurts on euery side.

Ther's



The Flesh.

There's nothing constant in vs, if to day
Vertue we loue, to morrow Vice obay.
Man at the best, is now become so fraile
As what cannot a spruce Queane, with a smooth Taile
Make him belecue; such witchcraft euer fly,
Lust reuells, in the Magicke of her eye.
That star-shooting, twinckling eye, do's ne'r shine,
But to the Ruine, of all thoughts diuine.
Twixt her aluring Lips, there liues a Spell
To sucke, and sincke, and kisse a man to Hell.
Touch but her Palmes, there sinnes moist hand inuice
To a soule-damning Banquet; such delights,
As often makes the wisest Man an Asse,
Coward, and Foole, Times vicious Looking-Glasse.

Licorice





The Flesh.

Licorish entice pants on her Naked Brest,
Snaring the tim'rous soule, to all vnrest.
And like a feauers Pulse, to encrease desire,
Beates thicke vpon the Heart, sets all on fire.
What a notorious Coxcombe vnto sinne,
Lust makes of Man, slaue to a whores soft skinne?
Whats a delicious Harlot but a Cheater,
A poyson'd *Marmalad Boxe*, which rots the Eater,
A Harlot in her best of Brau'rie can
Be but a kinde of greasie dripping-Pan,
So often put toth' fire, it proues a flame,
So burnes the Basting-Sticke, so Lust growes tame.
Loue is a chaste Queene, noble Wisedomes Bride,
Lust a Hot Whore; for eu'ry Knaue to ride;

Loue





The Flesh.

- * Loue is a Virgin sprung from Vertues Race,
- * Lust an alluring Strumpet past all Grace:
- * Loue is a vertuous wife, Times constant Woman
- * Lust a proud Harlot, the true Scourge of Man.

The chiefe praise of a good wife do's not lie
In outward shew, but inward Pietie,
If Vertue Rules her blood, she merits Loue,
If not, I will assure thee she will proue
Like a deceitfull Glasse, where Man may see
Hee's meereely Cheated in her; O Miserie
* Man makes a woman proud with looking at,
* A wonderous wanton toy, beleeue that,
* Marke but the cunning Beautie seeing men gaze,
* And yet not seemes to see, note but her wales

See





The Flesh.

See how shee tempts, with what a charming smile,
Puts poison in her Eyes, eyes to beguile,
Seducing eyes, aim'd at Eternall Light,
From Heau'n, to looke on Hell, prurient delight,
Deckt, trimm'd, adorn'd, trickt vp to pull men on
With Pride of Eyes, to their confusion.
Note the varietie of all her charmes,
The Lazie, idle, stretching of the Armes;
The Yawne, and then the Hey-ho, rolling eie,
Sicke stomacke for the Aft; O Luxurie:
Thy flames, in wanton women, strangely moue,
She that delights in Lust, can neuer Loue.
Obserue each gesture, how she takes a pride
To itch the Bumbe; to friske from side to side,
See Mop,





The Flesh.

Mop, mew, bite Lip, and wriggle with the Taile,
There's not a ioynt about her that shall faile
To catch at Man; be Icie cold as stone,
Shee'l finde a Tricke to melt affection.
In each behaviour liues a Venome snare,
There's language in the curling of her haire,
Eyes, Cheeks, Lips, Hands, no motiue Linne so weak
But serues to tempt; her very foot shall speake.
Shee'l part each other in such dall'ing sort
As if shee'd doe with sh' Ayre for want of sport.
Crosse legges, and then with itching thighes & knees
Open and shut the passage by degrees.
Takes pleasure to be seene to wantonize,
And is best pleased, to please Letchers Eyes.

• Lib





The Flesh:

- * Like those Nice Dames that will in outward show
 - * Not wrong their husbands, no forsooth, O no,
 - * Not for a World ; stand on their honestie,
 - * Quote Scripture, symper, looke most modestly,
 - * Swear and forswear, should the first husband die,
 - * Ne're to wed more; Yet marrie presently,
 - * And then prorest the single life temptation,
 - * Phy out vpon 't, foe to Procreation,
- Thus seeme in publique pure ; but in priuate
More secretly open, more insatiate
Then the hot Monkie 'th veneriall Marke
Skip, friske, and fling, doe wonders in the darke.
And like the *Jesuite*, thinke Lust done by stealth
Dainty, secure, suddaine, and done for health



The Flesh.

- * The onely Cure, Lusts raging flames to quench,
- * Is *Aqua lachrymarum*; that will stench
- * The wounds, proud Harlots so delight to make
- * On the poore soule of Man; make him to quake,
- * A fear'd to stand on that false Rocke of Ice
- * Idlenesse, feeder of foule Carnall vice,
- * Blacke errors cloud, South fog, which rots the minde
- * Leapours the Soules, and is the Northern winde
- * The cause of all sins Stormes, that dang'rous Flood
- * Lusts surging Ocean swelling in Mans blood.

O Diuell desire of Lust, mee, mee, forsake;
I charge thee hence, by him that made Hell quake
By that Almighty One, in sacred Trine
All Holy Spels, and Charmes, Magicke Diuine.
By that sweet excellent Sacred Puritie
(Sister of Angells) Virgin chastitie.
Fly from me all base thoughts; be iust mine Eyes;
And be your selues, hate wantons witcheries.

TH



THE
VICIOUS
COURTIER.

GOe, harmelesse *Satyr*, if thou smell a *Kat*,
The *Dogge* of *Entie*, of the blacke ey'd *Bat*,
For op'ning the faire Truth, misconster sence,
Knit the base Brew, of daring impudence,
And wisely like a *Wolfe*-like Aduocate,
Make thee dangerous, vile, a thing of hate,
If honest *Satyr* such thou meete, desie,
Spare not to giue the Fooles and Knaues the lie.
There was a Time, when hadst thou play'd the knaue,
Thou might'st haue flourish'd and haue flourish'd braue.



The Vicious Courtier.

Fortune that *whore*, the Worlds aluring Ginne
She had beene true, hadst thou beene true to Sinne:
God knowes I enuie no Man for his Greatnesse,
For his Prosperity, true Worthinesse,
I ne'r reioyc'd at any Mans sad fall
But with a *Virtuous* happy life to all.
This then my Comfort be, my minde appease,
He that writes best, can neuer all Men please.
None e're could shunne, the Censure of a Knaue,
Nor enuie, of a currish, Natur'd Slaue.
* 'Tis common now, without the cause discerning,
* Fooles wil find fault, with that, they haue no learning.
I write not rash with Enuie, to defame
For some particular wronge, any man's name,

Shall





The Vicious Courtier.

Shall I at *Fortunes Favourite* grieved be,
Because *Ioue* made me not, as great as he:
O no; 'twere basely bad, blacke is the soule,
Clogg'd with the horror of a sinne so foule.
Fairly my *Muse* appeares, onely to shew
What's lewdly ill; that Noble Mindes may know
The *Vicious Courtier*, he whose Mushrome sight
Time stiles ignoble, a meere Carpet Knight.
A Lazie Lust-stung Lord, periur'd, vniust,
Slave to the Itching of his Mistris Lust.
One that admires her brauery with Oathes
Much wicked-wit consumes in gawdy Cloathes:
Which speakes him to the World a *March-paine Man*
A very mighty *Muske-cat*; one that can,





The Vicious Courtier.

(To please *State-strumpets*) turne Capitall Calfe,
Reu'rence her shooc-shadow, in her behalfe
Sweare by *Olympicke Ioue*, she's the Fairest
That e're breath'd, most Excellent, the Rarest,
Spending the Time in Commendations,
In Sighes, Tales obscene, Visitations,
Set Faces, and set speeches, pickt from Playes,
Quaint apish Gestures; O the many wayes
(To please *Madam Much-adoe*) the rare Jewels,
Musicke, Masques, Baudie Banquets, Midnight-Renels,
Cocke-Sparrow Humours, absurd Complement,
Which makes the *Vicious Courtier* confident,
So ridiculous blinde; that his braue Trull,
(Times prurient *Puppet*) can perswade the Gull,
After





The Vicious Courtier.

After her Forme to paint, powder the haire
Which (*catching Councell*) seeming passing rare,
Duely the *Asse* observes, curiously Nice,
Best pleas'd to immitate his *Cockatrice*.
To smell all *Amber*, chiefly to preuent
Lues Veneria, that infectious sent,
Bred in his rotten Entrals, through th'Excessive
Of stirring Meates, insatiate wantonneffe,
That too too common Delectation,
Poyson of wholesome Recreation,
(*Sinnes slavish servitude, Excessive ill,*)
And Bane of Vertue ; is much made of still,
By such ; who (rather then the Enterprize
Of Noble true *Knights* louely exercise,)





The Vicious Courtier.

Delight in painted out-side, Costly fare,
To studie the fashion, looke bigge and stare,
Aduance the head like a *Malt-Horse*, be proud
And speake no matter what, so it be loud,
Bountifull to *Bawdes*, Mis'erable toth' poore,
Sell all, whole Lordships to maintaine a Whore;
To stirre vp th' intellectuals of loose Ladies,
To melt their Chastitie, get Bastard Babies,
Times were not so, when *Worthies* shin'd in Armes,
Reioyc'd in *Vertue*, not in the wanton *Charmes*
(Of braue *Madam Vanitie* the Puppet)
Loose Embrace of a consuming Strumpet,
But brauely fought for Virgins in distresse,
Relieu'd poore Widdowes, and the Fatherlesse,
Striving





The Vicious Courtier.

Striving with faire, renowned, valiant Acts
To chase *Injustice*, punish euill Facts.
O blest performance Noble race of men,
Worthy the praise of an *Immortall Pen*,
Your Famous *Deeds*, past starres, recorded stand,
For euer and euer, written by the hand
Of sacred *Truth*, to the Eternall shame
Of the sinne-branded *Vicious Courtiers Name*,
Let him that notice takes, take this of me,
If Man of *Money*, or of low degree,
Let not the hope of gaine bring that to passe,
Which makes a *Dunce*, obserue a golden *Ass*,
Nor let thy Minde, at any time accord,
To be the Slave to an infamous Lord.

His





The Vicious Courtier.

His Love to *Vice*, all *vertuous Acts* repell
As if no *Plagues* remain'd in spacious *Hell*.
Engag'd to mischief, and to villanie,
To pleasure *Vice*, embrace iniquitie,
The Honour due for *Vertue*; that Reward
Is naught (but base contempt) meere sleight Regard
He that will get by such, must well dissemble
And tell the *Fooles*, they God's on Earth resemble
Obsequiously the Parasite must play
And hazard blacke Damnation eu'ry Day.
Insinuate, and so waxe knauish wise,
Be a stamp't *Willen*, learne to temporize,
Sweare, and forswear, depraue, informe, and lie,
Change each houre *Religion*, periur'd die.

Plot Nor





The Vicious Courtier.

Plot, plot, and set friends hourly at debate,
Cling to the surer side, the weaker hate,
Turne *Baud* at midnight, (*Pander* to the Itch
Of an *Adulterate Cloth* of filuer Witch.)
Practise to know to mixe with perilous *Art*
The deadly *Poyson* with the amorous Dart,
Neatly obtaining, by times cunning skill,
With *Stibium*, and *Cantharides* to kill.
Such sudden Fellowes, nimble in Damnation,
Are *Vicious Courtiers* greatest Estimation:
When disrespected Honest men forlorne
Liue miserably wretched, *Ragg'd and torne*.
As for the true bred villaine, he shall lacke
Nor Gold, nor Cloth of Gold dawb'd on his backe
Yet





The Vicious Courtier.

Yet when the *Slaves* too many secrets know,
Oft with a *Spanish Figge*, they headlong goe
Hurrid to *Hell*, the damned soules to tell
What glorious *villaines*, here on Earth doe dwell.
* That with a *Politique straine*, can make all sure
* Murder, with murder; murder, to secure.
* Drunke with *Conceit*, that greatnesse beares the sway
* Safely to *Act*, what *Villany* it may.
* There is a *Tricke*, such neuer faile to vse
* In which their dearest *Friends*, they'l most abuse
* With faire pretext of *Honorable Love*,
* In secure cunning, onely to remoue
* And shift him forth into another *Ayre*,
* To purge, and lessen, least his *Vertues* rare
* Should





The Vicious Courtier.

Should merit Kingly Favour, make him hie,
Aduanc'd in state to greatest Dignitie.
The Icalious thought whereof, to mischief bent,
Doth fund'ry secret practizes inuent
How to decline that growth, if none take roote
Swift *Mercurie*, a suddaine dramme must doo't.
Others there are, that smiling Flatter all,
Proue for to each, but Friend to none at all
And such (beleeu't) make vse of Time, and Place,
By seruile flauery, most creeping base
(*Kissing the Clawe*) appeares with Coxcombe bare,
Praising the *Vitious Gloworme* past compare,
With O-Right vertuous Lord; such sleecke Regard,
Replenish Flat'ries Cups, with full reward.

Like





The Vicious Courtier.

Like *Spiders*, webs of Flattery they weave,
The pleasing Eares of *Great-Ones* to deceive:
Which once Entangl'd by some Quainte Deuise
Chops off their *heads*, 'tis practiz'd in a trice.
They'l giue occasion that may moue discourse
And by a Tricke, *some dang'rous Theame enforce*,
To draw a doubtfull question to the worst
They'l make men guilty, then betray e'm first,
These are the onely spies, that gape for prey,
Cut-throates in silence, smile, and then betray.
Intrap, th' vnskilfull, beg their *forfeit Liues*
To graspe their States; thus the vile Villen thrives
Whose whisp'ring poy sons, speakes him sins supporter
Macbinillian Darknesse, the *Vicious Courtier*..

His





The Vicious Courtier.

Him, the true Noble Minde must euer shunne,
Or liue (in hazard still to be vndone,)
Slave to the *Vanitie* of *Pompe*, high Place,
Ambitious thoughts, Sinne, and a double Face;
Cringes, and Creepings, all the base desires
Of sinfull Life, plagu'd with infernall fires.

What e're thou art that carelesse shalt resort
To th' *Court of Vice*, onely to see the Court;
Take heed, beware of that *Enchanted Glasse*,
Where *Pride in Mortals*, Fiends in Hell surpasse.
There shalt thou Masques, such midnight Reuel finde
Such Musicke, Banquets, to allure thy minde,
As will affright the blood of *Chastitie*,
Turne *Virgin Love*, to hot Lust's Plurisie.

There





The Vicious Courtier.

There shalt thou those, of *Venus* Traine behold,
Burning *Temptation* flame in glirring Gold,
And though adorn'd with *Pearle*, the Richest stuffe
Their inflate *Pride*, ne'r thinke them braue enough.
Were Gownes Emboss't with Golden, Starres so fine,
That in each Starre, a *Diamond* should shine,
Still, their high Towing lofty daring *Pride*
(*Like Lust restrain'd*) *Lines* neuer satisfide.
If checkt for it; straight swiftest *Mercury*
Strikes dead th' opposing Foe to *Venerie*;
Like (sometimes) that sad most Lamented Knight
Who di'd by a Tricke; in such a wofull plight
(By Sugar Candid Poysons) workt in Paste
(*From Sinne and Murder sent,*) whose delicate Tasse,
Vnde



The Vicious Courtier.

Under the feind pretence, of seeming good,
Consum'd and burnt, his vitall Crimfon blood,
Such is the *Mighty-Madam-Murdring* sight,
Court *Concubines* ne'r kill, but with delight.
Curb'd for their Pride, like God's ill Angels swell,
As if Earth's Diuells, and the World their Hell.
Pride is their Zeale, their Prayers forgetfulnesse,
Charity, Contempt, their Vertue wantonnesse
Plumpe, high-fed pampers'd flesh, on whom must wait
Page, Pander, Parasite, preparation State,
Gold: Gliftring Glory, Cost, Curious dyer,
Infatiate Pleasure, and luxurious Riot.

And why all this high feeding, Rich Attire,
But like bright Beacons, flaming all on fire,
H Threat



The Vicious Courtier.

Threat *Ruine, Death, and Hell*; which wise men see,
And know what fooles they make, know them to be
Soule-flaming fire-brands, Expert in Euill
witches, Hell-Cats, Factors for the Devil,
Sucke-blounds, Hyena, Syrens Crocodiles,
All *Scylla and Charybdis*, whose proud smiles,
Take pleasure to entice, make Men deface
Their Soules faire Temple, for a poore Embrace,
A luscious Pleasure, lewd lasciuious greeting,
A pleasing sweete, but a most bitter sweeting.

Neuer was any great Arch-mischiefe done,
But by a Whore, or a Priest, first begun,
A Cloth of siluer *Shew*, Times Tissue Trull,
Can with close *Cleopatra's Kisses Gull*.

The





The Vicious Courtier.

The greatest *Kings* and *Dukes*, loue for an houre;
Nor is it them shee loues, but their high powre.
Groomes, of the meanest qualitie in Court,
Can make her fleshly fulnesse, sweeter sport,
A glorious shee *Smocke-flatist* can amaze,
Fire famous *Troy*, and set the world at gaze.
A *Drab* of *State*, is a consuming Flame,
Oft, fiers the Hearts of Princes, past reclaime.
Turnes loy, to deepe and Melancholy sadnesse,
Poysons the bloud, and fils the braine with madnesse,
* Why should she else, with painting seeme more faire?
* Suffer her naked *Breasts* lie open bare?
* Why vse false coulour'd haire, Embost with *Gold*?
* Pownc'd with Perfumes, Lockes curled to behold?



The Vicious Courtier.

- * Why Oyles? Waters for Teeth? Why void of Grace?
- * With spots (like *Rats-Dung*) to blacke patch the face?
- * Or why (in *Baths of Milke*) wash her proud skin?
- * Why wrong Heav'n's work-manship, with such hic sin?
- * If not like *CIRCE*, by enchantment strange,
- * Men into Beasts and Beast-like natures change.
- * Confounding sense, all reason fits a side,
- * Such is the force of her affected Pride.
- * A painted Face sleekt o're by cunning Art,
- * Is but the Pride of a luxurious Heart.
- * A discontentment of God's worke vpon her,
- * To wooe mens Eyes to Lust, and her dishonor.
- * Painting's the Nurse of black thoughts, damn'd deuises,
- * It makes the soule imitate greatest vices.

What





The Vicious Courtier.

What is it else? but daring Impudence,
Gainst the bright Glory of Omnipotence,
Lusts Looking-Glasse, Torch of Iniquitie,
Th' imperious Mistress of all Witcherie,
A slimie Sinne, dawb'd o're the painted wall,
Of foulest Folly, to catch fooles with all,
A painted Face, harbours a Heart of Flint,
There is no relish of Devotion in't.
Lust, Pride, and Envie, all the finnes that are,
Waites on the painted Beautie falsely faire.
Still busie in her Eare, her Minde, her Eye,
To whore away Man's soule with foolerie,
The painted outside of a tempting Face,
Spotted with Hell, stands sequestred from Grace.



The Vicious Courtier.

- * Such Prodigall sinfull sweetes, Men ought not haue,
- * Nor see th' aluring Face, vnfit to craue,
- * Soules that will mount, high Heau'ns, Celestiall state,
- * Climbes Vertues Ladder; vicious Actions hate.
- * Man, that will ne'r be tempted, past his might,
- * Runnes from the Glistening Strumpet, flies her sight.
- * O happy is the man, blessed for euer,
- * Whose Life, in flying Sinne, loyes to perseuer.

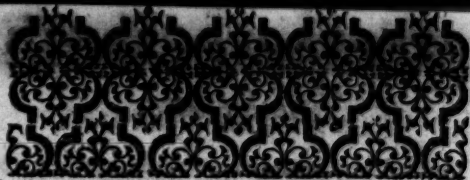
Vita nihil peius iniqua.

* *

*

THE





THE IESVITE.

NOt like y Maffe-Priest, he whose mouth is cram'd
With words y speak all Protestants are damn'd.

Him nor his Flocke, I dare not censure so,
Nor meane to write more then I iustly know
To be most true; In which knowne Path I finde,
Counterfeit Catholiques, so grossely blinde,
They dare outface Heau'ns *Truth*, forg'd lies maintaine
To Cloake the cunning *Iesuites* subtile Braine,
He that do's Theefe-like waite for *Vertues* fall,
Lives in perpetuall watch, to blow vp all.

H 4

The





The Jesuite.

The President, recorded stands for euer.

In this Realmes safety ; which hel's Plot can neuer

Wipe from Rememb'rance, neuer shall the Euill

Of that close *Secretary*, to the *Deuill*,

That *Jesuite* GARNET, liue forgot while I,

Haue *Pen*, or *Hand*, to write his Tragedy,

(That *Myne of Murder*, Mischiefes Master-vice,

Lodg'd in the Politicque skull of Avarice)

His desp'rate Soule was such, hee durst to swimme,

A Sea of *Vice*, be rackt in eu'ry Limme.

All Tortures suffer, rather then Reueale

The Treason, his Religion bids conceale.

Witnessse thou *Ghost* of *Garnet*, this is true.

He that han'gd, drawne, and quarter'd, had his due.

To





The Jesuite.

To him was knowne, the powder pitchie Treason,
Neuer to be forgot, he knew the season
When, where, and how, that suddaine bloudie blow,
(*Blacke, Hell-bred, Thunder, flaming, euerthrow,*)
Should haue bin giuen; knew the Times short space,
When no soule should haue time to pray for Grace,
Or cry, God helpe; The Treason was so foule,
The *Traitors* would haue damn'd both body and Soule
If in their power; and eu'ry soule i'th Ayre
Toft vp, sent vnprepar'd of heau'nly prayer,
With all their finnes; O horrid, horrid Act,
All this the *Jesuite* knew; conceal'd the Fact,
And rather then disclose, least warning giue,
King, Prince, and Nobles, not a soule should liue,
Here





The Jesuite.

Here was a Villaine ; yet I've knowne in *Spain*,
The *Traitors* death so moan'd, such Credit gaine,
(Though here he dyde, for Treasons iust Complaint,)
There Monster *Jesuites*, make a Martyr'd Saint.
Mischievous Masse-Priests to his meriting Fame,
At the high Altar in a spacious frame,
Aduance to him, as to a Saint most blest,
His Body-mangled Picture, thus exprest :

Garnets
Picture.

Bare Head, white Beard, Lookes sober, in his Gowne,

* Him ouer head, Angels with *Laurell* Crowne.

* About his Necke, a long large Halter tide,

* Hangs, (as befitting such) downe the Left side.

* His Belly ript, bloud seeming open raw,

* Holding in his right hand, his pictur'd straw.

* Beneath





The Jesuite..

* Beneath his right side, flames a Heart in fire,
* 'Boue his left side, Limmes quarter'd, Treasons hire,
* Presented on a Towre; which Pictur'd storie
Straw-sainted set vp toth *Arch-Traiters Glory*.
Inuites each eye, yea all the World to see
Jesuites, Protectors, of all Villany.
* Poyf'ning of Princes, held as trifling things,
* With them, 'tis meritorious to kill Kings.
Can this Religion be, they thinke it pure,
But Man ne'r knew Religion more impure,
Their Church, is but their *Baud*, bad deedes to further,
Th' onely sanctuary for bloud and murder.
Plots, Practizes, hellish abomination,
Pardons for Treason, holy approbation
Of





The Jesuite.

Of that ill-Sainted wretch (his curst fault)

That Father to *Faux*, the Diuell I ch vault.

Such *Judas-Jesuites* euer Traitors proue

To King, and Prince; disloyall in their loue,

* Yet outward fawning seeme on bended knee

* Low as the earth; O true hypocrisie,

* Vnder the milde aspect of Reuerence,

* In duty, and submisle obedience,

* With Oylie Eloquence, best pleasing Phrase,

* Catching Orations, full of flat'ring praise,

* When in the Heart, abides no spot of good,

* All treach'rous thoughts; all thirsting after bloud,

* The fall of Princes, change, alteration,

* The Protestants Religion's desolation,

* Such





The Jesuite.

- * Such is the Iesuites diu'e'lish disposition,
- * The nature of the Beast, his true condition,
- * He that can temporize, by Booke maintaine
- * To serue his ends; and glut his God-lesse gaine,
- * Be what he least scemes, cold in deuotion,
- Enuious, at one anothers Promotion,
- * Not lowly minded, but proud Ambitious,
- * In tongue a Saint, in heart a Slaue vicious.
- * Preach diuine patience, when himselfe shall be,
- * The waspish Image of all Tyrannie.
- * Spleenatiue, choll'ricke, And who so offends,
- * Is so farre off from euer being friends,
- All-bee't he seeme a Calme, yet if he liue,
- Hee'l be reueng'd, be sure ne'r to forgieue.

Such





The Jesuite.

Such is the Iesuite, such his double Face,
And such his charitable signe of Grace.

He that dares awe his Countrey, King and State,
Smile, and yet be a villaine, all men hate,
Set Princes at debate, befoole the Tymes,
Poyson the world, with irreligious Crymes;
Swell Bartles, Murthers, make whole Kingdoms shake,
Shed Innocent bloud, all for Religions sake,
To defend Religion, what Religion's this,
To seeme deuoute, and doe so much amisse?
* Colour Religion, with meere gullerie,
* Wrest sacred Text, to maintaine Roguerie,
(* As if Religion were a formall Law,
* Religion onely to keepe fooles in awe,)

Defend





The Jesuite.

Defend Controuerfies; woe to those dayes

Woe to such Serpent-snarling Church-Mens wayes,

* Sinne ne'r triumphs, strikes a more Fatall stroake,

* Then when 'tis couer'd with Religions Cloake,

That Iesuite, he, who speakes diuinely faire

Yet hath a wicked life; I may compare

To fire, stand off, doe not come too neare it,

You then may safely warme; need not feare it.

But if thou vnaduisedly presume,

Approach to nigh, thee it will burne, consume,

So the deceitfull Priest, come not neare him,

Shun his Acquaintance, you need not feare him.

Fly his dissembling sight, his blacke life spurne,

If lodg'd within your bosome, he will burne

With





The Jesuite.

With show of holinesse burne and scorch,
Waste thee, in thy Estate, like a spent Torch;
There's not a Gentleman of meanes do's die,
But with his Heire, the *Jesuite* presently
Shares in his Land; with shew of Reuerence,
(Winning of Soules) covers concupiscence.
Commits with all he likes, any Man's wife,
Makes her belceue, 'tis to preserve his life.
Perswading Letch'rie, with their Ghostly Father,
No Sinne, but a Deede of charitie rather.
Sad-sickenesse to preuent, to scowre the Veines,
To mundifie, and for to purge the Reines,
Ergo plena Charitatis; An Act
Of meere Commiseration, such a Façt,



As



The Jesuite.

As to denie it, (were a damned sinne)
Puls curse on curse, which hath for euer bin
Iustly inflicted; punishing all those
Repugnant Natures, with the worst of woes,
Despaire, assur'd confusion, dismall horror,
Suddaine destruction, Death, Internall Terroure,
Hell, and the Diuell; for that high offence
Of Stubborne refusall, disobedience,
A sinne, impossible to be forgiuen,
Such is the Iesuites charge; of purpose giuen,
To please his Lust; makes that, a gainefull Trade,
Lies with this Lady, and that Chamber-Maide.
Here giues a Pardon, there denounceth Curses;
So betwixt both, sure to picke all their Pursses.





The Jesuite.

The Nimble Slaues Church-knauerie can strip,
And fetch your greatest Lady o're the hip.
With a religious show, put tricks vpon her,
Rob the beleeuing Foole, first of her honour,
Then pardon Sinne; and then he may enthrall,
Rob her of Coyne, Plate, Jewels, Smocke and all,
Doe, and vndoe, Her Chariry's soone drawne
For baudie Iesuites, her best Smocke to pawne,
Their thread of Doctrine 'mong women spun,
Is to whore all, be she the chastest Nun,
If she denie to yeeld, Murther and Rape,
Shall Wolfe-like seize that prey, there's no escape,
Such is the Murd'ring Minde of him we call,
Natures Monster, *Priest Iesuiticall.*

THE





THE DIVELL.

SEarch all the Earth, you eury where shall see,
Satan most busie, from the Church not free,
The very Pulpit haunts, and being next,
Seekes how to put the Preacher from his Text:
Such as teach others, yet themselves neglect,
And with sinnes Cassocke hide their owne defect;
From Pew to Pew, vnseene; Hel's Feind do's creepe,
To dull the Hearers Eares, loggs some a sleepe,
Some to vaine prattle, others still to prie,
With wanton lookes, for a bewitching Eye.



The Diuell.

Some greedily imployes, to spie out Fashions,
To glut the humours of proud womens passions.
Makes muddie Mortals, at each other looke,
More then on Heau'n, or Gods all blessed Booke.
And such is Satan's craft, continuall Motion,
To draw mankinde from Heau'n, and all Deuotion.
Tempts some to Hate, Ambition, some to slide
The slip'rie sleights of Pompe, vn-paid for Pride,
Others to swimme the Sea, Lust pleasing vice,
Some wet-damnation, most men Auarice
Seruant to Satan; Satan which do's striue,
Man of all heau'nly solace to deprive.
God (for our finnes) no sooner Angry growes,
But straight the Roaring, suddaine Diuell throwes
His





The Diuell.

His Pawes on vs; And like himselfe beginnes

(For Numbers numberlesse of desperate finnes,)

To seize the Soule, made an Eternall prey

To burne in Hell, as Heau'ns iust Cast-away.

Such is the Fate of Soules, ensnar'd within

Satans command; beware the Twigge of sinne,

Least touch will take thee Pris'ner; Hellish Guiles

Proue like the perilous paths of *Crocodiles*,

Who with their slimie Tongues (lickt o're) prepare

To murder Mortals, by a slip'rie Snare.

Man is a Tree, whose Roote what i'st? thoughts e-
(will,

Bad Deeds the Body, yeelding to the Deaill.

The Armes, ten proud aspiring discontents,

Breakers of all the Ten Commandements.



The Diuell.

The Branches are, our proaness vnto ill,
The Leases Pleasure, the faire Fruit sinne, which still
With sweetest show of sweetnesse, tempts vs on,
To feede and follow our destruction.

* There's feare about vs, feare beneath vs,

* Feare round about, and yet no feare within vs.

Satan like *Dalilah*, suffers not men,

For to see danger; is't not fitting then,

By holy violence, we seize the Sword

Of th' *Omnipotents*, Omnipotent Word,

To slaughter sinne in vs; O shall not we

(That professe sacred Christianitie,)

Conquer our Crimes; thinke on the life to come,

The rising of the Dead; that Day of Doome,

When





The Dinell.

When this vast Orbe of Earth shall blazing burne,
An all the World in Funerall Flames shall mourne,
Then Heav'n and Hell amazing shall appeare,
In two extreames; Ioy, and excessive Feare;
Heav'n in bright shining All Eternall Light,
Hell in the Horrour of perpetuall Night.
Heav'n shall triumph, Hell tremble, Angels sing,
Gloria in Excelsis, to Heav'n's high King;
The King of Heav'n; Heav'n loyes perfect solace,
All-Ravishing, glirring, glift'ring Palace,
Pleasures Paradise, Immortall Dwelling,
All pure, excellent, past thought excell'g,
Heav'n's Pavement are the starres, in what excesse
Shines Heav'n, whē star-pau'd with stars numberlesse.



The Duell.

No thought of want, which mads the thoughts of men,
But plenties falnesse, full abound in Heau'n.
There, Virgin Chastitie in Life opprest,
Glitters in Saint-like Glory, liues most blest,
The poore man rost, from wrong, to iniurie,
In Heau'n findes comfort, firme felicitie.
The wronged widdow, iniur'd fatherlesse,
Bright Heau'n releiues, giues all their woes redresse.
* He that fur ill, do's good; Heau'n will requite,
* Crowne his faire soule, with Comforts infinire,
Is it not fit then, we our sinnes bewaile,
Thinke still on Heau'n; on Heau'n that ne'r did faile
The penitent heart, when (alas) distrest,
Naked, forlorne, when most of all opprest.

Then





The Diuell,

Then sends reliefe, miraculous reliefes,
Such is the Loue of Heau'n, Heau'n cures all griefes,
As for Times Wolfe-turn'd ill-affected great Ones,
Close-listed to the poore, deafe to their Groanes,
The villaines of this Age, that make profession,
Of a pure Life; yet liue by base oppression,
Hell shall confound their soules; that Den of Horror,
(Circl'd with blacke affright, blew-burning Terror)
Shall boyle their soules, and bodies, toth' blacke sweat
Of an infernall poyson; and that eate
Still to renew new paines; plagues that excell
Such are the neuer-dying paines of Hell.

There, painted Pride liues crown'd in flaming fire.

The Glorious Strumpet, whipt with burning wyer
Fed





The Dewill.

Fed, is the Lust-prouoking Letcher there
With scorching Coles; such as delight to sweare,
Swallow the Drunkards euer scalding Oyle,
There, Vsurers in Pooles of Sulphure boyle,
Murther, Rape, Incest, endlesse torments feele,
The Racke of vengeance, and the burning wheele
Whirl'd round in blew flames, soule-amazing feare,
• More Plagues the Tongue can tell, the damned beare.
In burning Beds of Steele, soules blazing fry,
Tortur'd with torments, such as neuer dye,
Curfing the Time of their abus'd Creation,
Parents, Fate, Sinne, and their owne damnation,
Better, O better neuer to be borne,
Then with such Terror-striking Torments torne,
Which





The Diuell.

Which to eschew, weepe wormes of earth, repent,

Weepe, weepe for sinne, soule-killing sinnes preuent,

* Seeke Heau'n, shun Hell, fly from the worlds entice,

* Heau'ns the Reward of *Vertue*, Hell of *Vice*.

* Perfect Repentance, makes men brauely die,

* That ne'r liu'd so; fly then Hels Miseric,

* Deferre not thy Repentance till to Morrow,

* Shed Teares for sinne, O 'tis a sacred Sorrow.

* Repent or damne; for sinne weepe, and weepe well,

* Soules that doe floute at Teares, shall fry in Hell.

God in his infinite Mercy ne'r forsakes

The soule which fights with sinne, and vndertakes

To doe it's best endeauour; strives & expell

The subtile shares of sinne, and strives to dwell

On





The Diuell.

On Vertues mount (free from the tempting vice
Of the World, Flesh; and Diuell, all th'entice
Of all ill Company; whose venome bloud
Each diuine thought in Man, each deed that's good,
Seekes to corrupt, to poyson, betray soules,
And drie their vertues, like parcht parchment scroles.
From which dire Mischiefe, the Religious still
Protected stand, by the Almightyes will.

imile.

As the young Bird for food do's neuer cease,
Op'ning the Mouth, vntill the Damme release
And cure the want it suffers; so should we
* With vnlockt lips still pray, that God would free
* Our soules from sinne, O 'tis a blessed taske!
* God ne'r leaues giuing, till we leaue to aske.

What





The Dinell.

What a large, Extreame folly 'tis to spie
Man (like the Wolfe for prey) how earnestly
He hunts for meanes ; as if the onely honie
Of Soule, and Body, did consist in monie ;
Meat drinke & clothes ; men sicke, still pray for health,
Ready to be vndone, for paltry wealth,
Freedom, and safety ; And with shamelesse Faces
Forget to beg of God, Spirituall Graces.
Many Men pray ; But he the Glory winnes,
Who prayes, to be disburthen'd from his sinnes ;
And viewes the poore Mans Labour, with the Eye
Of sweete reliefe ; ther's Noble Charitie :
The heart of such a Man, may sometimes shrinke
Vnder Temptations weight, but neuer sinke :
What * God





The Dinell.

* God makes him here, Lord Steward of that store,
* He deales so chearefully among the poore ;
* Giues him the Grace to thinke, when to his sight
* A poore wretch comes, to begge of him a Mite ;
* He might haue beene that begger, his Estate
* Transfer'd on him ; and begging at his Gate,
Or in the streete in Raggs, oppress'd with griefe,
Glad to beseech him, for some poore reliefe ;
To such faire soules; Ichoua in his loue,
Giues Gifts of Grace ; he their defence will proue,
God's promise is, (if feruently, we pray
And vse our best endeaour eu'ry day
To fly from sinne, resolving to betake vs
To holy Meanes, he neuer will forsake vs.

God





The Duell.

re, God, is so kinde, he cannot, will not see
His Seruants *Slaves*, to damn'd impietic.
he Neuer did any, doe their faire endcauour
e; To pray to him, that euer lost their labour,
Nay more ; if God but see thy inclination
To pray ; He will preuent thy supplication,
Answer thy full desire ere thou canst craue,
Grant that, thy heart did neuer hope to haue.
He made the *Eare*, to heare the happinesse
ue, We haue from him ; the *Tongue* still to confesse
The *Glory* of his Name ; our *Eyes* to see
The workes of his Almighty Maiestie.
Hand, Heart, *Knee*, *Foot*, God the whole man did frame
All to reioyce, in his *All-Sacred Name*.

God

And





The Diuell.

And dare we *Dust* and *Ashes* cease to pray
To Him? O no; Heauen grant I neuer stray.
Ride thou my *Soule* vpon some winged Cloud
To th' *Heau'nly Haruest*; Fly to the sacred Shroud
Of *Sempeternall Safety*; Fly the sight
Of blazing *Beantie*, flaring *Earths* delight,
Malicious Mindes; mischituous *Man's* inuention,
Faire Lookes, false *Hearts*, stamp in a foule intention,
Take flight my *Soule*, flie from the dismall Den
Of this *Darke Age*; the impiuousnesse of Men
Fly from the pond'rous Plummets of blacke Vice
Which puls to Hell; helpe *Prince of Paradise*,
I faint, I die, sinne loades my soule with Horror,
The *world*, the *Flesh*, and *Diuell*, all with Terror
Hangs





The Diuell.

Hangs, on my fetter'd Limmes Prif'ner to care
I liue steru'd, Torur'd, Tempted to despaire.
Heare me *Eternall Essence*, which hath made
My soule to pray, send me thy sacred aide
On the bright *Sunne Beames* of thy sweet Saluation,
Draw (*Lord*) draw vp the Dew of my Deuotion.
Mounr Soule, vpon the wings of Charitie,
Helpe *Heau'n*, vp *Heart*, Fly at Eternitie
Rowz'd like a Towing *Faulcon* in despight
Of *Hell*, and *Furies*, Fly to thy *Makers* sight.
* Happy the Man, whose Actions, strue to swimme.
* Through Seas of Tribulation vnto him,
* The way to *Heau'n*, is full of Rubbs, and Thornes,
* We cannot passe, but by the Lane of Scornes.

K

* The





The Diuell.

* The Diuell sets his Baites, in euery angle,
* No Corner 's free from him, soules to entangle,
Therefore, in *Vertues* Path, strive to excell,
Let seruient Faith, repulse the Fiend of hell,
Diuines may Preach else till their *Heart strings* burst,
The Height of Sinne will Mount ; liue still accurst.

* *
*

FINIS.



Acrosticke Epitaphes vpon
King Iames, Prince Lodo-
wicke, Duke of Richmond,
Lord Marques Hamleton,
and others.

KING IAMES *his*
Epitaph.

*K*inde, Excellent King, Great Brittaines Solomon,
*I*ust Iudge, his Sacred Maiestie is gon,
*N*ow number'd mong the dead, vpon whose Beere
*G*riefe through the world do's sacrifice a Teare.

*I*n sighes, and teares, and groanes, at his depart,
A Sea of woe broake in, seiz'd euery heart:
*M*irroure of Maiestie, vnderneath thy Hearse,
*E*ach Poet, sadly sits, weeping in Verse.
*S*earch Earth's Circumference where shall you finde

*D*welling in Kings, King IAMES his royall minde :
*E*ternitie so grac'd him, hee did Shine,
*C*rown'd from his infancy, a King Diuine ;
*E*xcellently Learned ; Forraigne Princes know it,
A King he was, and a most Sacred Poet.
*S*o constant, such a Peace-Maker, what Eye
*E*uer beheld ? His Life was Vertues Story,
*D*epriu'd by death, for his Immortall Glory.

K 2

Duke





*Duke Richmonds
Ghost.
To his Princely
Dutches.*

*L*ife of that Loue, to me on Earth, most Deare,
O cease to grieue, for me let no sad Teare
*D*rop from thy Fun'rall Eyes; Death came, *I went*
O're ioyd from Earth, to *Heau'ns pure Parlaiment*.
*W*hy then sad sweet, which once my heart did burne
*I*n true *Loues Flames*, why dost thou sit and mourne?
*C*leare Eyes, Looke vp, ioy in-th' *Allternall Trine*,
*K*eep teares for sinne; so *Turtle liue Diuine*.

*S*aint like they liue, where *Vertue*, rules high blood,
T'is most, most fearefull to be Great, not Good,
*V*nlocke thy treasure then; *Heau'ns steward be*
*A*nd what I left vndone, doe thou for me;
*R*eward thy Seruants, Good Deeds lead the way
*T*o make vs liue best in the latter day.

So farewell Sweet, Good God from wayes vneuen
Thy Ship of Life steere to the Land of Heauen.

Duke





Duke Richmonds Epitaph.

From fogs of vanity, thicke *Cloudes of Vice*,
Lockt from each Soule, seducing vaine Entice,
Here lyes Entoomb'd a gracious Prince, whose Birth
Almighty God fram'd of the purest Earth.
Through euery Conduite of the Flesh, high straines
Of Royall blood, ranne through his *Azure Veines*.
Like a faire Printed *Godlypleasing Booke*,
So did his Dead Corpes *Liuing* rarely looke.
His Eyes toth' compleate carriage of his Head
Were *Leaves of Loue*, where none that knew but Read
A Body, so befitting euery Limme,
Neuer was more becoming then in Him:
But now in Graue, that Forme is chang'd to Clay
Which liuing shin'd, like to a Summers Day.
Gone is the subiect of my mournfull verse
His Sun is set; turn'd to a sable Herse
Lodg'd in the Night, within a death bed laide
Form'd by rude hands, the *Picke Axe*, and the *Spade*,
To put the world in minde, these dayes of sinne,
Death shall deface as if they ne'r had bin:

Witnesse the sad rememb'rance of that day
When this dead *Duke*, so early snatcht away,
How soone that Morne, when to *Attend his King*
For to enact some memorable thing,
Death by the *King of Kings*, which writ was sent
To send his Soule to *Heau'ns* pure Parliamt.





An Epitaph.

Pawse Reader, for me thinkes I see appeare
Sorrow in thy Face ; there dropt a tender teare,
I'tt euen so; reade on, here shalt thou finde,
(His Heaurn on Earth) the beauty of his minde,
No vaine affecting *Pompe*, *Pride*, nor *Ambition*
Bred in the bolome of his sweet condition,
* Deseruing Loue, Courteous he was to all,
* A *Louer of Iustice*, Foe to *Sathans thrall* :
* True-Friend to *Vertue*, Learning wholsome Lawes,
* Wonderfull valiant, in a Righteous Cause.
* Patron of *Piety*, Fâuourer of *Arts* ;
* A Noble Cherrisher of all good Parts :
* What flourishing *Vertue*, e're made Man blest
* But tooke a Lodging, in *Duke Richmonds* brest,
Heau'n gaue him high Birth, *Scotland Princely Name*,
France courtly Language, *England Eternall Fame*.
The modest garbe, of graue ciuilitie,
Meeknesse with *Loue*, and true *Humility*;
Vsher'd his Soule, the perfect Path to proue
The Rich content, of *Great Iehouas Loue*,
Round Crown'd with *Glory*, sempeternall Light,
Glirring in Heau'n blest in his Makers sight
He Liues; that was, not onely *Great in blood*
But what is farre more Rare, a *Great man Good*.

The



The Lord Marquesse
HAMLETON.

His Epitaph.

I f there be sighes, a Teare, or gricuous Groane,
A Sorrow yet, neuer to Mortall knowne,
M ake here your *Rendevooze*, sighs, teares, each moane,
E ach Eye behold, by Fatall stroake here lies,
S trucke into Earth ; True Honours Noble Prize.

H ow e're his Body in sad sickenesse sped,
A ngels with his faire Soule to Heau'n are fled,
M auger the poyson'd shafts of death and Hell,
L ing'ring disease, Earths Witch-craft, or finnes spell,
E ternity, so grac'd him, Death was vext
T o see him liue ; and therefore slew him next
O f all, to all our Worthy's lately sent,
N euer to die in Heau'ns *True Parlaiment*.

Arthur, Lord Chichester,
His Epitaph.

A dmir'd, blest Chichester, Councillour at warre,
R eu'rent State worthy; Wisedom's Earth-bred Starre,
T o the true griefe of Kingdomes he is gon
H is faire Sun-set, cold as the Marble stone.
V ictorious Viceroy; O with what a zeale,
R ul'd he *Hybernias* troublesome Common-weale.

(hearts
C urb'd rough hair'd Kerne; in conqu'ring Rebels
H ee was belou'd, and fear'd, for his rare parts,
I ustice, and Mercy Vsher'd him the way,
C onstant to Gouverne) that could best obay,
H onour and Vertue still (in him combine,)
E xprest the fulnesse of his Noble Minde.
S ighs turn'd to Teares, sad Teares to greivous groanes
T hose sighs & Teares, to hunder'd thousand moanes,
E xprest for Him, wise, valiant, most discreet,
R are Fruit, made ripe for Heau'n, for Earth too sweet.

To



To the Right Honorable
Robert, Earle of Warwicke,
his Anagram in Latine.

ROBERTVS RICH:

Anagramma

CHRISTE ROBUR:

Englished

O CHRIST, my Strength.

Religio, Virtus, Pietas, hoc nomine constar
CHRISTE ROBUR, sacrae Religionis Apex.

How well, thy Name, and Vertue do's agree,
Firme Faith is found in that, all worth in thee.

To

To the Right Honourable
S^r. Iulius Cæsar, Knight,
M^r. of the Rolls, &c.

His Annagram.

I V L I V S, C Æ S A R,

Annagramma

I V S, A C L I S V E R A,

Englisht

I V S T D E A L I N G, A N D T R U E S T R I F E.

IN this your Honours Anagram I finde,
Iust Dealing Arm'd, with a Religious Minde,
Fixt in your Soule, Friend to despis'd Art,
And Noble Vertue, O thrice happy Heart,
Jacobs true strife with God, for glorious Fame,
Shines in the Vertue of your Noble Name,
By your *Iust Dealing*, And *True Strife* with sinne,
You conquer Hell, a holy Battle winne.
Striue on faire soule, thy Zeale makes Heau'n thy friend,
And Heau'n's high Chanc'ry Court thy Iournies end.

Verses



VERSES

Vpon the Principall Coate
at Armes, of my Honorable
Friend Sir HENRY HART,
Knight of the Noble order
of the Bath.

*Symbolus iste hominem, designant honore Potentem
Rex, Leo, (concessum est,) Ceruus, Princepsq; Terrarum.*

Thus exprest in English. (inuests,
This Noble Armes faire Honor decks, & antient worth
The Lion is the King (I grant) the Hart the Prince of
(Beasts.

Attributes

belonging to the Hart.

Ingenious, quicke, long liu'd, Chaste, Noble, wise,
Are attributes found proper that arise
To this braue Creatures praise; more to impart
SERTORIVS, lead his Army by a Hart:
And ALEXANDER tooke great pride to decke,
With Golden Collars the soft velvet Necke
Of those Heroicque Rangers, that tooke breath
Hunder'd yeeres after Alexanders Death:

*This being iust, how much more stirres up Art
That Noble Name, set in a bounteous Hart.*

AN



An Acrosticke
Compos'd at the Marriage
Of my honour'd Friend Sir
Thomas Stanly, with the
LADY his wife that
now is.

Fidelitic.



*M*arriage, that *Sacred* tie, vniteing *Hearts*
A mple in *Circular* *Loue*, which neuer *Parts*,
R are gentle *Bride*, in your blest *Heart* hath plac't
Y our *Husbands Heart*, he that so thinkes him grac't

S o farre beyond expression; nothing can
T ell his high *Ioy*, by you a *Happy man*;
A ngels *Protect* you both; May your faire worth
N atur'd like that *Blest Tree* first brought you forth:
L iue long; So *loue*, liue blest in one another
Y our sweetnesse grant (*O Heav'n*) a ioyfull Mother.

Verses



*Verses upon S. Thomas Stanly his Lady, her
first being with Childe.*

God to this world with faire deliu'rance bring
That little world, *Prime, Noode, Pretious thing*
Within your happy *Wombs*; Long may it liue
To liue *Times* faire example, truly giue
Next God, (full ioy) praise to that Bodies worth
Blest Tree of *Happinesse*, first brought it forth
Thats all I can wish, which, to your true ioy
Through hearty Prayer I wish, a louely Boy.

Hope.

Faith.



Charitie.

The blessed Syrens of Eternitie.

Firme Faith, Sweet Hope, and Sacred Charity,
For euer dwell; faire Minded *Vertuous Dame*,
In your two Hearts; now in one Bodies Frame,
Big with Rich Natures comely, curious dressing.
Jewell of Glory, Cod's Almighty Blessing:
O-may your Pangs in Labour, proue as milde
As was the *Virgin Mary*; she whose Childe
Remember in your Throwes, you then with ease
Shall beare a Babe, that best your minde shall please:
So happy Mother, of a happy Sonne,
If Daughter happy Liue, Heauens will be done.

A Memoriall

A Memoriall upon the
Death of that True Honorable
Valiant Commander, Sr. Francis
Carew: Knight of the most no-
ble and sacred Institution of the
Bath to our Soueraigne Lord
King Charles.

F all from mine Eyes, yea Tragick Teares of pitie,
R un to my Pen, write, write Times mournfull Ditties
A nd to this dull Age, tell in Sorrowes Tone,
N oble, wise, *Valiant Carew*, he is gone.
C onquer'd for Loue to Heau'n, King, Country, State,
I n a iust cause he dy'd; O happy Fate,
S oule suff'ring *Vertue*, fully fortunate.

C all'd to the sacred Order of the Bath,
A *femme* he liu'd, and dy'd a Knight of *Faith*,
R eligion drew him on to *warres* fierce Fight,
E arth claim'd her due; *Death* was to him delight,
W ho liu'd, and dyde, Heauens happy *Favourite*.

An



*An Epitaph vpon the Right
Honourable Lady, the Lady
Francis, Sister to Theophilus
Earle of Lincolne, and wife
to Mr. Iohn Gorges
Esquire.*

YEe Eyes that ioy iⁿ th rarenesse of that Life,
Which makes Man blest in a true Noble wife
Behold, here lies a Iemme, bereau'd of Bre^{ath} ..
That Excellent Lady, she that by Death
Sterne Death subdu'd; her life and loue did shine
Cleare (as Heau'ns star,) like a true wife diuine,
She was her Sexes wonder; hate to sinne
Made her the Glory of her Noble kinne,
She was (what can be said) Religious, kinde,
A Saint on Earth, that bore an Angels Minde.

Upon



*Upon the Death of Mistris
Margaret Brograuc.*

Milde, At Rough Grim Assaults, Restlesse Eern Tir'd,
Beguirt with Death, mildely her soule aspir'd,
Right vpward flew to that Arch-glittering Heau'n,
Of, for, and from whom, shee at first was giuen.
Glorie of Parents, farewell, modest, kinde,
Rare earthly Forme, fram'd of a Heau'nly Minde,
All the fond fashions of the world's entice,
Vaine Woman's with the slighted, tempting vice,
Euer she checkt, with thoughts of Paradise.

Upon



Upon my worthy Friend

Mr. CHARLES AYTE.

CHARLES AYTE:

Anagram

REALLY CHASTE.

THe true expression of a gratefull Minde,
(For your long since past loue to me so kinde,
I neuer shall forget;) accept then this
Diuine Note on your Name; Mans chiefeft blisse,
Courts you faire Soule to such an happinesse;
Words are too weake to tell, Pen to expresse.
While thousands in vaine Lust, their life time waste,
Your Anagram, is what? *Really Chaste.*

L

Mary



MARY HEATH.

* *
*

Anagram

HA, MY HEART:

Thus exprest :

NEver had Virgin sweetenesse to the view
Of this vast World, a happier Name then you.
Your Anagram is such, 'tis euer vs'd,
'Mongst *Turtle Lovers*, that ne'r loue abus'd,
Vertues Chaste Queene, to you doth here impart
Infinite loy, in these words, *Ha, My Heart*.

* *
*

To



TO

*My much respected true
Friend, Master William
Ytber.*

* *
*

With holy thoughts *Lord* make thee to repell
Infermall sinne; ne'r may the charmes of Hell,
Lasciuious Temptings, nor the worlds delight
Locke thee from *Heav'n*; the *Lord of Day and Night*
Inspire thy *Soule*, Ravish thy Noble Sight
Arm'd with *Faith, Hope, and Sacred Charitis*,
Mount (may thy *Soule*) *Eternall Victory*.

Vaine *World*, what is it? but a *Theame* of sorrow
Times slaue, the stage of *death* from which we borrow
Brau'ry for one *Day*, and are dead to *Morrow*:
Earth's *Pompe* is nothing but a poy'sning Spell,
Riots vaine *Glory*, Painted *Iezabell*.

L 2

TO

* *
*

TO
My beloved Friend M^r.
FRANCIS HURST.

F ly Friend from all vaine thoughts, let thy faire youth
R unne *Vertues Race*, be still in Loue with Truth.
A s *Sea-Men* strue in *Neptunes* Path to shunne
N umberlesse Dangers; so like *Times* best Sonne,
C leare thy Soule's ship, from eu'ry stormie Spell,
I n this Worlds wicked Sea; Those waues of Euill,
S urges of Sinne, the *world*, the *Flesh*, and *Devill*.

H ere as you reade the Follies of the Time,
V ndaunted struggle to subdue each Cryme,
R owze thee from sinne, strue *Vertues* Top to clime,
S o from the high *Pyramides* of Grace,
T here houers o're thy head an Angels place.

L 3

Loues



LOVES SONNET

* *
* *

Let me not be with bitternesse despighted
That an with you and onely you delighted ;

(*Beare witnesse Angells*) what I write is true,

I Loue, and loue, *and loue* ; and none but you.

Shall I then suffer Racke, be rackt, and torne.

Shall I then suffer hate, and churlish scorne

Will you my honest minde so much misuse,

Sweete Natures Loue, to pittie, not abuse ;

O bee so sweete, *Line*, and line long to cherish

My Pen, and mee, or I for euer perish.

Sorowes





Sorrowes Sonnet.

Once, I did loue, so lou'd, and was belou'd
As Heav'n was angry sure, else we had prou'd
No-Star-croft *Louers* our true Loues were such,
(Alas) we lou'd; and lou'd and lou'd too much
For see the lucke, my Loue kept from mine eyes
By her most cruell Friends; for Loue she dyes.
Then, like a burning *Beacon* set on fire
At sight of her sad Funerall my dere
Kindled, burn'd, fier'd, flam'd, as twould pierce the skie,
Then would I perish faine; but Fates denie.
A thousand griefes at once, me thought did moue
In my Mad braine; and then I was in Loue,
Starke Mad in Loue; all ioyes bereft me,
And nothing but despaire, Sad sorrow left me.



Vpon a Glitering Smocke
Gallant sitting at a
Play.

Yonder she sits that flaunting Hat and Feather
Swells high my blood, & makes such stormy wea-
In my betroffed Braine, I am not I, (ther
I'me stabd toth' very Heart, with her blacke Eye.
Oh did you see her, trip it on the ground
Her Ratling filkes thy senses would confound
That Maske of Hers, do's mād me; hides the faire
Which (vnseene) sure would seeme past all compare.
* Eyes ake no more with looking on yon Toy
* Shee'l set thy Heart on fire like flaming Troy:
* Behold her Breasts are bare, O fight, O spell,
* Satan ne're sent a stronger Charme from Hell:
* Plump panting Globes of pleasure how yea please
* My erring Eyes, and yet like stormes in Seas
Should my soules ship once touch her, 'twould be torne
And make me with I neuer had bin borne.
Help Heau'n least gazing on those Naked Twinners
I do in thought commit a thousand sinnes:
The Great Alcides fiercest Monster tam'd,
Yet fairest *Omphales* fight, his valour sham'd
High-spirited *Hector*, to the Field was wonne
For Beautious *Hellen*, and all Troy vndone.
A hundred thousand sad examples show
The Tragedy of Man, whose Eyes bestow
Liking to such proud Puppets as a woman,
Given ore to damned Pride, and true to no man.

The

*The difference betwixt
Acquaintance
and
a Friend.*

THe difference twixt Acquaintance and a Friend,
Truth thus proclaimes, Acquaintance will pretēd
Many Good Morrowes, as how doe you Sir,
Prattle, and Prate, and keepe a stincking stir,
Of doing Good ; Their tating Tongues can baule,
Talke of much Good, but doe no good at all.

Upon



Upon the vnkindnesse of
a Friend.

Witness faire Truth, is not that Iudgement weake,
That will not giue a true Friend leaue to speake,
Shall I be dumbe, when I behold my Friend,
In the vaine wayes of vanity to spend
His Coyne, and be misse-lead by eu'ry Scab,
To drinke this drunken health, visite that Drab,
Shall I behold my Friend whose faire intent
Inclines to good: foole it in Complement,
Talke with this prating Puppy, and that Ass,
Here giue a Congie, there present a Glasse,
Bowing the Body, bending the Anticke knee,
Out on such *Coxcombe* Curiofitie,
'Tis hatefull, very scurvie, vse it not
'Twill foole thy Fame, thy Reputation blot,
Let Reason rule, scorne not a friends aduice,
Take heed of *Pride*, 'twas kickt from Paradise.
* Sinnes are soone knowne, Custome thy selfe to ill,
You cannot leaue wickednesse when you will.
The Ancient Fathers firmly say, vnlesse
We sinnes occasion shun, we shall transgresse.
Looke towards Heau'n then, let it not be said
Thou art a Whore to friendship, but a Maid,
Resolu'd in Virgin loue, to liue and die,
A Friend vntainted in a true friends Eye,
Be such a Friend, Or neuer take the name,
Of Friend vpon thee, 'twill put out thy Fame,

Strumpet




Strumpet thy faire Repute, demollish quite
All peace of Conscience, dimme thy Christall sight,
From Glories view, and like a Toy of State,
(Powder'd all ore with Pride) abuse thy Fate
True Turtle Friends should ne'r take more delight
Then in th' inioying one anothers sight,
But now hee's gon? flint hearted Friend, farewell,
I'le not complaine to folly; yet I'le tell
Faire Truth how foully you haue gon astray,
And in a wanton humour throwne away,
A Iewell, which thy Life Time thou in vaine
May hope, but neuer finde the like againe.
Wert thou sole Monarch of the world er'e I,
Would creepe for fauour to thee, I would dye,
Dye all alone, by that same sword, that Hand,
Of mine so ready still at thy command
Waurring, vnkinde, forgetfull that thou art,
That neuer yet didst, finde a trech'rous heart
Lodg'd in my brest, my Head, Hand, Heart, Life, all,
To doe you right, were euer at your call,
And am I sleighted now; am I like Froth,
So soone blowne out, O heau'n wher's Faith and Troth
Where liues true friendships manifestations,
Of loue to me, all vowes protestations,
If all be fled, then I will ner giue more,
Trust to a friend, then to a common Whore,
Better be rackt vpon the torturing wheele,
Or like *Spaines Indian* Slaue, Tymes Terror feele,
To very death, then Childishly to finde
A friend vnconstant, faithlesse, false, vnkinde.

FINIS.



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